

Silent Worker

SUMMER NUMBER

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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GRANVILLE REDMOND

The Famous California Deaf Artist

By D. S. LUDDY



REDMOND AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO



HE names of Redmond and Tilden are not only familiar to the American deaf and American artists, but are also known in foreign lands. Granville Redmond was born in Philadelphia in 1871, being the son of a civil war veteran. When four years of age he was taken to California. His grandfather was a California pioneer, being a mining engineer and surveyor. He was massacred by the Indians in 1855 while on an expedition with a party down in the southern part of the State. In the meantime this pioneer's family was on the way from the East to rejoin him—Granville Redmond's father being one of them. Mr. Redmond's grandmother was taken sick and buried at sea off the coast of Mexico. Mr. Redmond's father returned

East, but later came back to California, settling in San Jose and later in Los Angeles.

Mr. Redmond graduated from the Berkeley School in 1890. While a pupil there his artistic talent was discovered by Mr. d'Estrella, that close observer of humanity and nature. During his school period he studied art, receiving honorable mention and the E. W. Brown medal for the best study from life at the Mark Hopkins art school in San Francisco. He later entered the Julian Academy in Paris and studied under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens.

Mr. Redmond presented to his Alma Mater the "Winter on the Seine," which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1894.

The Jonathan Club of Los Angeles purchased his canvas, which he exhibited at the World's

Fair at St. Louis in 1904, and though a piece of his early work it won him a medal.

Mr. Redmond was awarded a silver medal at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle in 1910. His work was the first to be sold at this exhibition and now hangs in the Washington state capitol building.

Mr. Redmond was unable to make a special canvas for the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, therefore did not intend to exhibit at all. However, Director of Arts Frask would not stand for it, so a couple of canvases were dug up. His work was put among those of the master artists.

While a resident of Los Angeles Mr. Redmond made a name for himself and no general collection was considered complete without one or



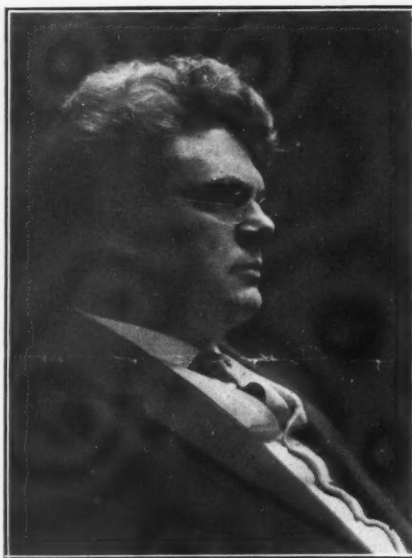
GRAY DAY AT MONTEREY, BY GRANVILLE REDMOND.

more of his poetic yet vital renderings. Since he left Los Angeles many new painters of strength and ability have come to cast their lots with the Los Angeles art workers, yet no one has been able to fill the gap left vacant.

Mr. Redmond has been making his home in San Mateo, one of the pretty suburban towns down the San Francisco peninsula for the past few years, preferring the clear sparkle and soft moisture of the northern atmosphere to the dry one of Southern California, thus enabling him to paint new subjects in an entirely different mood.

Mr. Redmond married Carrie Anna Jean, a graduate of the Jacksonville, Ill., School, on November 1, 1899. They have three pretty and interesting children—Jean a giant for his age and a wireless genius, Helen and Hiram. Mr. Redmond is a member of the Bohemian Club, one of San Francisco's most exclusive clubs. Mr. Redmond has a pleasant personality and besides art is also celebrated for his Irish wit.

The photo. of Redmond is by W. E. Dassonville



GRANVILLE REDMOND

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a pure life.
For doing your level best.
For looking before leaping.
For being kind to the poor.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For harboring clean thoughts.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For being generous to an enemy.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being square in business dealing.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
For putting the best construction on the acts of others.—*Exchange.*

BARBERING FOR DEAF

For a number of years barbering has been one of the trades taught in our School, and we consider it one of the most profitable employments the deaf can engage. One of our former pupils is proprietor of a fine "tonsorial parlor" in Norfolk, and his business has been so prosperous that he has been able to buy a very attractive home in that city. Another of our boys has a "shop" in the smaller town of Pearisburg. Both are married and living in comfortable style. Persons who object to talkative barbers have no reason to complain of the loquacity of these artists of the razor and shears.—*The Virginia Guide.*

MISS MARGARET SANDERS WINNER IN A CONTEST

THE GARDENS OF GERMANTOWN
Historical Paper Prepared and Read in Girls'
High School Program Before Horticultural
Society

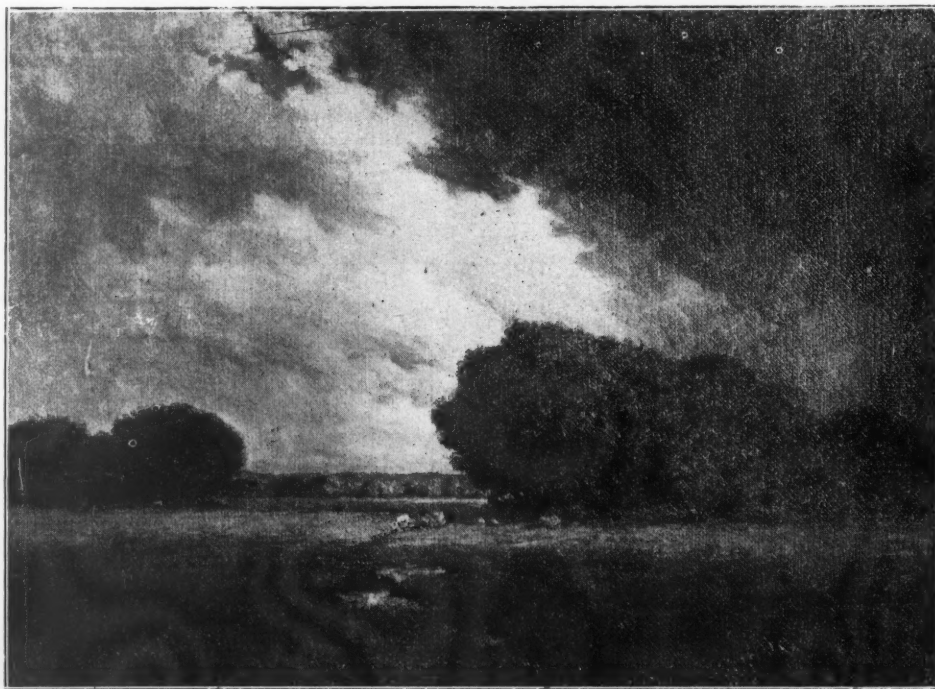


EW settlers in a strange land never fall to bring with them little packages of seeds from their homes, emblems of the land they left with many a pang. These little packages are full of promise of glorious blooms, which will serve, later on, to keep up the brave spirits of the pioneers and bring tender memories of the homes they left behind. So it was that Germantown gardens had their beginnings in the carefully hoarded packages of seeds brought by the original German settlers and by the later English residents of the little town.

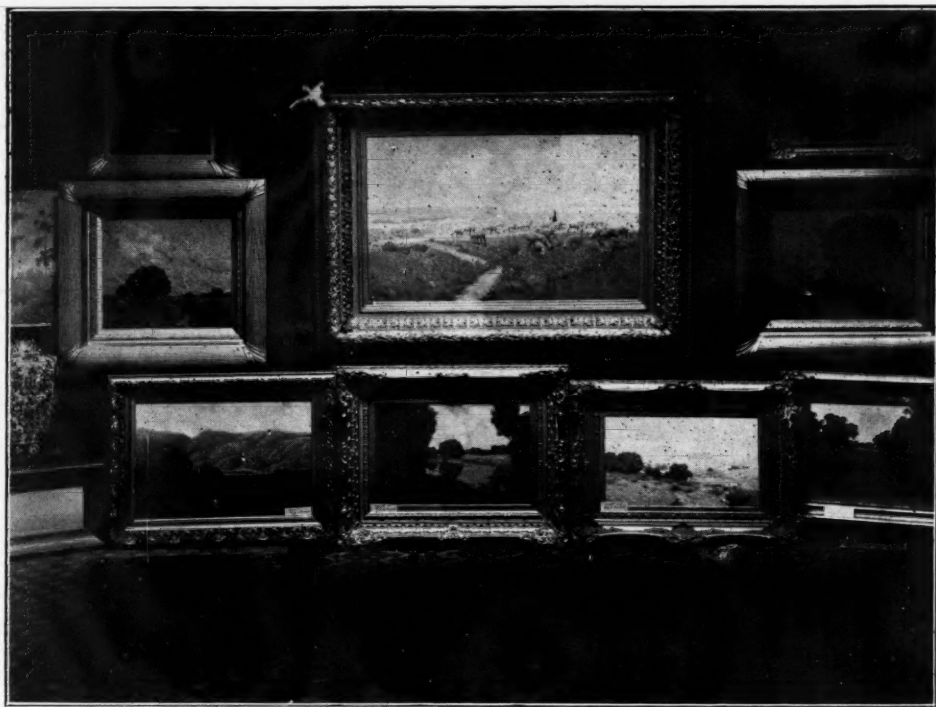
When Francis Daniel Pastorius, the learned German scholar, came over from Germany in the year 1683, he was given by William Penn a tract of land about six miles from Philadelphia. This tract was then a wilderness, covered with thick woods, or open spaces overgrown with bushes and weeds. The soil was fertile, however, and there was an abundance of cool springs. In a short time Pastorius went to German Towne, as he called the place, with a little band of courageous men and women, who were willing to suffer innumerable hardships, as all pioneers must, for the sake of future generations. There were twelve families, forty-two people in all, few of whom were agriculturists. Most of the settlers, indeed, were linen weavers, and their work as weavers brought the town prosperity. Meanwhile agriculture was not neglected. The forests were felled, the ground was tilled, and the seeds for which Pastorius sent home to Germany were planted and tended with such good results that by 1698 Germantown became one of the four great market towns of the province.

Pastorius himself had what he described as "a pretty little garden, producing chiefly cordial, stomachic and culinary herbs." It produced something else, also, as these lines penned by Pastorius bear witness:

"What wonder you then that F. D. P.
Likewise here many hours spends,
And having no money, on usury lends
To's garden and orchards and vineyard such times
Wherein he helps nature, and nature his rhymes
Because they produce him both victuals and drink,
Both medicine and nosegays, both paper and ink."



THE STORM CLOUD, FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY GRANVILLE REDMOND



Group of Redmond Canvasses in Private Gallery of Dr. W. L. Nicholas, Los Angeles, California.

To give nosegays, a garden must have flowers. So we have reason to believe that some plants were cultivated merely for their beauty. Each family in the settlement had a garden on this order, which provided vegetables and fruit for the table, herbs for the medicine chest, and let us hope some flowers to brighten the bare homes of the early settlers.

Next to the Pastorious place, on the location of the new Germantown High School, was the complete herb garden belonging to Christopher Witt, the village doctor. This was the second garden in America for the study of plants, the first being that of Witt's friend and companion, Johannes Kelpius, on the Lower Wissahickon. James Logan, in his garden at Stenton, below the little town, also tried interesting experiments which resulted in an increase of botanical knowledge.

By the time these gardens were in their prime, however, the primitive settlement had developed into a fair village in which were over two hundred houses, mostly built of stone. The Indian trail had been replaced by a good road, along which had been planted peach trees, which in early spring gave masses of pink blossoms for a mile down the road. What a pretty sight this must have been for those who had seen the beginning and growth of the town.

The type of gardens that existed in Germantown during the first hundred years of its existence is preserved for us in the descriptions of the gardens of the Widow Deshler and Dirck Keyser. Here box bordered walks ran between beds devoted to kitchen and flowering plants, the kitchen plants of course being the more carefully tended of the two. Gay hollyhocks and sunflowers grew in some gardens, as well as many flowers brought from Germany and England. These must have brought dear memories of the old homes and surely they must have helped to comfort the women in their moments of sickness.

As the years went by Germantown improved steadily. By the year 1745 the first country residence—Grumblethorpe—was erected in Germantown. This was built, however, like the farmhouses of the village. But when in 1750 Judge Allen built Mt. Airy, the town knew what it was to possess a fine estate. In coming to this remote countryside Judge Allen evidently had it mind to play farmer, for we hear of his writing to London for the following seeds: "One parcel of best early readings, 20 ozs. of early Battersea Cabbage, 1 oz of the Russia, and 1 oz of every sort of cabbage that is esteemed to be very good, and 1 oz of each Savoy kind, also

2 ozs. of colly-flowers for," he said, "I live in the country in the summer season, and a good part of my amusement is a kitchen garden." We may be sure that here and at Cliveden built 1761, and in the gardens of the other country places flowering plants crept into the kitchen gardens so that roses and phlox, sweet williams and mignonettes grew side by side with the cabbages and cauliflowers. We know that when Christian Lehman established a nursery he advertised in April, 1768, that he had a "great variety of beautiful double hyacinths and fruit tree nursery way," showing that there was a call for flowering plants as well as for fruit trees and vegetables.

During the period of the Revolution improvements came to a standstill. The stately grounds of Cliveden became a battlefield while other estates were deserted by their owners. After the war was over, however, the town prospered and more wealthy Philadelphians than before built their summer homes there.

The epidemic of yellow fever which visited Philadelphia in 1793 brought crowds of city dwellers to Germantown, which was far enough away to be immune from the disease. Most important of the visitors was the President of the United States, who was so impressed with the town during his month's stay there, that he came back to spend the following summer; and we hear of George Washington Parke Custis playing in the garden of the Frank house and of Lady Washington raising hyacinths, which she left behind her on her return to Philadelphia. The President's interest in gardening seems to have been mainly concerned with trees. There are trees still standing which tradition says he planted.

As the years went on, Germantown became more and more the home of large estates, one of the most beautiful of which was that of Louis Clapier, at Fern Hill—cared for by a regular landscape gardener. Here were to be found rare plants, the finest vegetables and fruits, a greenhouse and best of all perhaps, wonderful tea roses. By 1838 Fern Hill had a rival in Phil-Elena, the residence of Mr. George Carpenter, one of the most beautiful estates in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and a place of great interest to garden lovers from the fact that it was opened freely to the public.

Some of the gardens of the early part of the nineteenth century are still kept up, and our regard for them is all the greater because of their historic interest. To see a garden in this age, planted with the same kind of flowers and herbs as it was a

hundred years ago, serves to make us forget all the rush, worry and excitement of our modern times, and to take us back to the dear, peaceful days when our great grandmothers were young. We can picture them, quaintly garbed, prim and sedate, walking around the gardens they loved. How the children must have delighted to play their games, running around the box edged paths or romping in the orchard, with the warm sun beating upon them. We can picture them in such a garden as that of Wyck, playing between the flower beds while violets peep out of their bed of leaves, or bolder and more gorgeous flowers blaze in a mixed array of colors, while the air is filled with fragrance. Of course in such a garden there are lilacs to announce the arrival of spring,—lilacs of which Walt Whitman writes:—

Stands the lilac-bush, tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of green
With many a painted blossom rising, delicate with the perfume I love
With every leaf a miracle."

The coming of the railroad in 1834 marked a new era, for with the ever-closer connection with the city that the railroad brought, Germantown slowly changed from an individual town into a suburb of Philadelphia. The railroad brought the commuter and increased the number of moderate-sized houses with unpretentious but beautiful home gardens. This suburban growth was fostered by the opening of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the early eighties; but the coming of the trolley made Germantown part of the city. The rows of houses that are constantly being erected, have little garden space allotted them.

Yet it is easier for the Germantowners of to-day to start a garden than for those of a hundred years ago. In all the years of growth numerous nurseries took the place of Christian Lehman's, the most important being the Andorra nursery and Meehan's nursery. It was through the influence of Thomas Meehan that the John Wister estate was bought and placed upon the city plan as Vernon Park. We have a number of small parks now, and it is to be hoped that other estates will, as they fall vacant, be preserved as parks for the people.

Meanwhile the people have the privilege of enjoy-



DOROTHY AND MARGARET SANDERS

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders of Philadelphia, Pa. Educated orally at home and in Private Schools. Like their mother they have some hearing, Dorothy more so than Margaret. They are well educated, refined, interesting and agreeable—at home with the hearing as well as with the deaf and that means their command of the sign language is just as natural and easy as their oral ability

ing at least one famous garden, owned by Dr. and Mrs. George Woodward, open to the garden-loving people to-day. This beautiful place gives pleasure to hundreds of people who are at liberty to roam over it; to view the hill with the silvery stream at its foot, making tiny waterfalls and ending in a small pond filled with water plants; to enjoy the kitchen garden by the side of the greenhouse with its neatly planted rows of vegetables; and to admire the wonderful trees from great oaks, maples, and flowering magnolias to fruit trees and dogwoods. Best of all everyone can enjoy the wall garden, and can walk up the smooth carpet of emerald green that leads gently up hill, with, on one side the fine view and on the other a long stone wall in the chinks of which grows a most attractive array of old-fashioned flowers. There are delicate pinks, bachelor buttons, and lady slippers with clear, bright faces looking wistful-

ly at their beholders. There forget-me-nots show blue against the gray wall, and there

"Winking Mary buds begin
To ope their golden eyes."

And all this is made more delightful by the faint, sweet perfume of the earth and the flowering plants.

The flowers blooming their little day, only to fold and make way for other flowers, are a mystery to us and always will be. Tennyson expresses this in the well-known lines that the wall-garden brings to our memory:

"Flowers in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

While we yield ourselves to the charm of this

beautiful spot we feel the more inspired to keep Germantown a place of home gardens. Just as the homely kitchen gardens and flower gardens flourished side by side with the wonderful gardens of Fern Hill and Phil-Elena, so our gardens, humble as they may seem beside beautiful gardens such as we have can be made to grow on the bits of ground that belong to us. No garden described, however beautiful or costly it may be, can ever give the keen delight our own garden can give us. A world of pleasure can be derived from our own little piece of land. After we have planned a garden and worked in it day by day the first shoots of tender green produce a thrill. The reward of our labor comes when our fruits are ripe and our flowers are blooming. The wonder of all it brings us into close communion with God.—*Germantown Guide, Philadelphia, Pa., March 18, 1916.*

School for the Deaf, Chefoo, China



DEAR SILENT WORKER:—You go to so many people, you have such beautiful pictures, and you are such an excellent message-bearer that we are going to ask you to give a message from China to your readers.

Enclosed are the photographs of four little Chinese deaf boys who are just as dumb as any deaf boys can be anywhere in the world. Their fine, lusty voices proclaim their whereabouts, but when they first came they spoke no real words; now, they are beginning to find out that if they put their lips and tongues in the right positions and move them in the right way, that seems to them very mysterious, it makes their voices mean something and they can get things they want; and, besides, it makes their teachers look so happy; so, they are moving their lips and wagging their tongues and finding out about things and getting the things that they want.

Now, each little boy has a story to tell you and this is what the one in the picture with the little girl has to say:

"My name is Liu Liang Dzi and I am eight years old. I have been in school a little over two years and I can speak all the words in the Chinese language. (This means all of the three hundred and sixty odd syllables.) I can write more than one thousand characters and I know what they mean. When I speak people understand me and I can see what they say.

"Su Shu Lan, who left school this year, is my cousin and Miss Carter says I am like him because I always blame things on other people. I must stop that for I love to be petted and people don't like naughty boys. My mother does not like me because I am deaf, but she likes my little brother. He can hear.

"My home is very poor. We never seem to have enough to eat nor wear and no warm fire in winter, for my father is only a *coolie*. When I came to school I had no socks to wear. Every winter my hands and feet froze and were, oh, so, sore! The medicine Miss Carter puts on makes them better, so I don't cry so much with the pain."

A *coolie* is an unskilled laborer, the word meaning "hired strength." Liang Dzi's father earns about eight cents a day when he has work, which is not always. The flesh on Liang Dzi's poor little hands has been frozen so many times that it gets sore when it is only a little cold. We hope, as he gets stronger, that it will not freeze so easily. He is a clever, winsome little fellow.

The next little boy has this message for you:

"My name is Wang Dzi Yu. I am nine years old and I have been in school three years. Wang Su Ching is my cousin. Lin Fu Gi and his sister, Fu Dzi, are my cousins, too. Su Ching and I are the same age and we came to school together. She cried and hid her face, but I stood up straight and was not afraid of the foreign teachers. Now we both know that they are our good friends.

"Fu Gi has finished school and gone to Shanghai where he works in the Commercial Press and earns money. If I study hard perhaps I can go to Shanghai, too, some day to earn money. I shall be glad



LIU LIANG DZI

The little girl is Wang Su Ching. Her support is provided for.

to help my father and mother for they are very poor. My father is a cook in a Chinese family and they give him his food and clothing and just a little



WANG DZI YU, CHANG I GI, GIANG SHU BEN

money; there never seems to be any for me, not even to buy a pair of shoes.

"The other day a cousin brought me a little treat. What do you think it was? You will think quickly of something good to eat—an orange or a cake; but no such good luck for me. It was just some pieces of dried sweet potatoes. My mother had nothing else

to send; but I was glad to get even that for it makes me know that she does not forget me."

Sweet potatoes grow plentifully in this region and are about the cheapest food the people have,—so cheap that they are ashamed to offer them to guests. I have been in the country when every one around me was eating them but they would give me none, not even when I asked for them. For three months in the fall they ate them boiled or roasted; then, for three months, they eat them dried, first boiling them, or pounding them to a meal, adding a little millet or corn meal and making a sort of cake. In the late autumn some are put into cold storage by burying them in a pit. These are sold for good prices in the market. Dzi Yu really felt that the dried sweet potato was a treat and generously offered to share the gift from home.

Now look at the tallest boy. This is his story:

"My name is Chang I Gi. I am the same age as Dzi Yu and I came to school last autumn. My father is dead and my mother sews for a living. My uncle brought me to school and sometimes he comes to see me. He always brings me something, a pair of socks or shoes. I cried lustily when I first came but I like it now very much."

The next boy, standing at the right, tells you this story:—"My name is Giag Shu Ben and I am only eight years old. I have been in school almost two years. I live with my grandfather and mother. I do not know where my father is. Grandfather buys my clothes for me but he has no money to pay for my food. When he left me here at school he cried very hard and so did I. Sometimes he comes to see me and always brings me something."

These little boys have lived in the girls' school where the women teachers have given them excellent care. When it was suggested the other day that they should be moved over to the boys' school the teachers begged that they be allowed to remain a little longer with them until the weather was warmer, which shows how kind-hearted the teachers are, not begrudging the extra care entailed.

To meet the expenses of these four boys the school needs twenty-five dollars (\$25.), U. S. currency, yearly. They are all bright little fellows and will fully repay all that is done for them by becoming self-respecting and self-supporting men.

Dear readers of THE SILENT WORKER, I am sure the stories of these little boys have moved your hearts and you may want to do something for them. If you do, and want to know more about them just write to me and I shall be glad to answer all your questions.

Miss Carter joins me in best wishes to you all,

Yours, for the deaf of China,

March 4, 1916.

ANNETTA T. MILLS.

The passions act as winds to propel our vessel, our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the winds she would not move, without the pilot she would be lost.—*From The French.*

OUR MUTUAL FORUM

By MRS. ALICE T. TERRY

INSPIRATION

INE! The poet Lowell sang, "What is so rare as a day in June?" Let me modify that line somewhat to suit this page, and say, "what is so rare as an hour in June with our deaf poets?" In this instance let **June** and **Inspiration** be synonymous. As I said two months ago, I will be able to quote only from those silent poets, with whose works I am most familiar. But sometime in the future I shall endeavor to present a collection of choice poems from our lesser known poets and poetesses. **Lesser known** is not to be taken as meaning less clever; on the contrary, it often means only great modesty.

I will begin with Howard L. Terry. Naturally, you will say, because he is my husband. This recalls to my mind also a pretty little incident that took place some years ago. Upon the occasion of a visit to my friend Mrs. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo., the subject of literature and the great poets came up, and Mrs. Cloud casually asked me, "Who is your favorite poet?" I promptly pointed to Mr. Terry, who was also present but at that moment talking to some one else in the room. Mrs. Cloud was entirely unprepared for my answer, and she evinced the greatest surprise; but her surprise was not greater than her pleasure at my choice of answer. I can never forget her beautiful attitude toward my spontaneous loyalty. It must be remembered that our talented, sensible and broad-minded Mrs. Cloud makes for all that is highest and best in womankind, and whatever word, act or deed that she chooses to praise is worthy of grateful remembrance.

Mr. Terry has in his possession an exquisitely melodious poem, in three parts, which has never before been published. It is entitled, "The Old Homestead," and depicts scenes in his boyhood after his mother's death. It was written in 1896, during his second year at Gallaudet College. I consider it one of his best works, but in this limited space I can only extract at random from it. It begins:

THE OLD HOMESTEAD
CANTO I.

When time, as time has done and yet will do,
Outgrows the Old to make way for the New,
The lonely soul, forgetting outward self,
And care and pain and riches, lowly pelf,
Allows itself to wander far away
To that sweet hour when life was but a day
Of joy and sunshine, mirth and fond delight,
Of error free, e'er guided in the right
By loving hand of parent or of friend,
And dreams that this continues without end,
It finds some place, some scene the best of all,
And this his musings do with joy recall.
Somehow I deem this calling back again
More than a pleasing working of the brain,
For there is that within it, unexpressed,
Which, to thy heart, in sacredness is dressed,
And scenes by love engraved upon the heart
Are as thy very life until from it ye part.

I hold most dear, with unexpressed love,
That scene, that home where first I early strove,
And if these lines are efforts to reveal
My love of it, oh! break me every seal
About my heart, and from its depths let go
Unchanged, the Spirit in its purest glow.

With that dark hour when I was orphan made,
A change came over me—that change has staid:
A silent life: another home for me—
This spot the subject of my lines shall be.
A modest house of unpretentious wood,
Wherein an Aunt, long in her widowhood,
With daughters two, her humble life prolonged,
While care and endless duties ever thronged,
Such is the lowly subject of my lines,
Such is the spot for which my spirit pines.
The house beside a mighty poplar stands,
Just where the roadway slopes to lower lands;
The bare and weathered boards its age extends,

And with that age a pleasing quaintness blends;
The overhanging eaves and windows small
Full many a tale from out the past recall;
Within the rooms are large and ceilings low—
Just as they made them many years ago;
The narrow stair that to the attic leads
For human comfort great improvement needs,
And tho when rains are fierce and winds are high,
And murky clouds o'er cast the midnight sky,
The chilly blasts get thru the weathered wall,
And rattling blinds their ghostly sounds let fall,
For all that that attic is a place
(With feather bed that takes up half the space)
For me to dream of, write of, worship, too,
As I am doing—and a king might do.

Further on, alluding to day-time scenes about "The Old Homestead" it runs: (at this age Mr. Terry was not totally deaf).

That scene is lovely where the earliest ray
Of glorious sunrise starts its fearless play!
The crystal drops that Night hath spread around
Like myriad diamonds sparkle on the ground,
Or quiver in their brilliancy above,
As morning breezes make the leaves to move.
The hazy mist that floats upon the air
Reflects the sunbeams—seven colors rare;
And lo! a matin music now doth float,
Bursting effulgent from the song-bird's throat,
And morning chimes from steeples rising round
In wondrous cadence on the air resound;
And all about, recovering from the night,
Breaks forth ecstatic with the morning light!

Paying tribute to the neighborhood grand old man, it runs:

O Time, O Age, how do you change a man,
Unerring ever in the Maker's plan!
The heart that was throbbing and dancing for glee
The mind that was noble and fearless and free,
The arm that was ready and steady and strong,
The voice that was welcome and merry with song
Have slackened and dwindled as onward ye roll,
And all ye have left is the frame and the soul!

Referring to the evening study hours with his cousin teacher, it runs:

And there, beside her, oft myself I see,
Pouring o'er Byron, or some melody
That taught me first what beauty doth incline
To show itself in smoothly measured line.
'Twas then and there, O heart, 'twas there, indeed,
I tasted first that sweet poetic mead,
That, howsoever deep I drink, I find
My soul unsatisfied, I'm still inclined
To sip again, and never fear to be
Surfeited with the sweets of melody.

Of the many beautiful and inspiring poems from the pen of our famous deaf Longfellow, Dr. J. Schuyler Long, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, I think that none surpass in scope and touching reality the following:

THE HUMAN HAND

Behold, a perfect work in Nature's plan.
In this, the human hand, so framed to be
The servant of the will in harmony
With all the needs of Nature's offspring, man
Who sways the sceptre over Nature's clan;
'Tis master of the power which man sets free
Or binds at will, and by which he
Is sovereign of all the forces that he can
Discover; made to carry and to bring;
What appetite may crave, the hand supplies;
The artist's brush, the chisel and the pen,
The workman's tool, the sceptre of the king.
Alike it welds; unto the sightless, eyes,
The dumb, a tongue; the all in all of men.

The last two lines in the above poem will especially bear emphasis, this:

Alike it welds, unto the sightless, eyes,
The dumb, a tongue; the all in all of men.

As long as man in his present shape and form lives those lines will live also. It occurs to me that those ultra theorists, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and Mr. John Wright, might profit greatly by studying intently those two lines. A mere glance into those lines, on the other hand, would

enable our more recent worker in the deaf cause, Dr. H. B. Young, of Burlington, Iowa, to write volumes on the power and truth of every word therein.

In his poem "On Gallaudet's Birthday" Dr. Long further voices the sentiment of the deaf of the nation, especially in the last two stanzas:

We'll ne'er forget our debt to thee,
Nor let thy fame decline;
Our patron saint thou 'll ever be,
As Hartford is our shrine.

And by our words and deeds we'll prove
Some hearts are loyal yet,
And beat with gratitude and love
For you, dear Gallaudet.

I have a number of excellent, forceful, interesting and enjoyable poems from the pen of our versatile, eccentric athlete-poet, J. Frederick Meagher; but I will herewith present the one most appropriate for this page. It is entitled, "I sat down to pen me a poem"—and even in the title there is that **grin, bless ye, grin air**, so characteristic of all the Meagher literary productions. In the first two stanzas we have a fine picture of the futility of complaining. The last stanza, however, presents a revival of hope, a cheerfulness, a true thanksgiving for our common joys and blessings.

I SAT DOWN TO PEN ME A POEM

I sat down to pen me a poem, outpouring my
worries and woe,
I sat down to pen me a poem—e'en poets have
troubles you know,
I fused every foot with the fires of wild, un-
controlable wrath
That raged in my forest of feeling—red ruin
bestrewing its path.
I welded the words into stanzas, far into the
desolate night,
On anvils of heartaches and longings with ham-
mers of madness and might:
The howl of the ravenous wolf pack, the surge
of the sorrowful seas,
The plaint of November winds strumming the
bare, barren boughs of the trees,
All these in my song I embodied—then, suddenly,
out of the blue,
A thought came. "It's true, and it's Art, Jim—
but, prithee, **what good will it do?**"

"What good will it do?" And I pondered: "What
good in these troublesome times
Are tales of the human emotions, though clothed
in delectable rhymes?
Though deaf wherefore harp on thy sadness, why
call all thy sorrows to mind,
Forgetting each moment of gladness, to all that
God giveth thee blind?
Thanksgiving was meant for **Thanks Giving**, and
out of the depths of thy heart
Give Thanks, most ungrateful of poets, give
Thanks unto God that thou art."

Again I sat down and the verses which flowed
from the point of my pen
Breathed peaceable patience—a purpose to glad-
den my deaf fellow-men:
I sang for the sons of the silence a pean of glad-
ness and joy
Which rang with the sheer love of living—with
rapture without an alloy.—
The sway and the swing of the music we sense
in the depths of our dreams,
The bending of boughs by spring breezes, the
splashing and dashing of streams.
All these in a lay that we deaf ones could raise
as a tardy tribute
In silent and silvery sign-song—a melody, mel-
low though mute—
To extol the God of our Fathers: though some
may deny it is Art
It springs not from fanciful feeling but straight
from the depths of the heart.

One of the gladdest greetings received by us last Christmas were these lines from our Southern poet, Prof. J. H. McFarlane, of Talladega, Ala.:

The music of the Played-out year
Has languished on the wearied ear

Attuned to those exalted strains
Of realms where harmony obtains—

When Christmas strikes on vibrant souls the key
To New Year's happy burst of harmony.

Apparently, Mr. McFarlane is very modest, which explains why more of his excellent verse is not published. Wonder if the introduction of a worthy helpmate would alter conditions in his case? The following beautiful and patriotic lines I am taking from his poem, "The Gallaudet Spirit," delivered before the Gallaudet College Alumni Association two years ago:

"Thus triumphs here the noble faith whose seed
Was sown in tears by sainted Gallaudet.
And fondly nourished by that worthy son—
These College halls attest the mighty deed
Of him whose name the world will ne'er forget
The champion of our cause who fought—and
won!

We see him stand again in Chapel Hall
Where oft of yore how blessedly he spoke
To us, through echoing years his listeners,
In silent accents that so sweetly fall.
The yearning of the inmost soul they wake!
And when he prays the spirit in us stirs,
While with the rhythm of his clear gestures
blend

The heart-beats of the throng whose thoughts
ascend."

I regret that space will not permit me to quote this time from Mr. T. G. Arden's excellent little volume, "In The Silent Hours." This poet, it seems, has long enjoyed the exceptional privilege of having his verse published and re-published in different widely-read periodicals. Some extracts from his book I quoted in the April Worker.

MRS. ALICE T. TERRY.

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

NADFRATITIES

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER



THE National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, with its 2,187 members, is on a financial foundation as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. The auditing authority who recently went over the books at headquarters stated that if the N. F. S. D. was a corporation selling shares in its business, each bond having a face value of \$100 would readily sell for \$136.

Six years ago the National Association of the Deaf had but 75 members; to-day it has over 1,600. A campaign for 10,000 has just been started, and the outcome will depend on the zeal evinced by the readers of this page.

NAD

It has again proven a deaf boy can succeed without funds or influence. Louis Kotula, a Polander, has practically worked his way through the Washington State School for the Deaf the past five years, this Spring equaled the world's record for striking out batters in a nine inning game, and is slated for a minor league berth this summer.

Kotula has certainly a fierce row to hoe. Combatting the schoolboy prejudice against a foreigner, and a foreigner's difficulties with our language, Kotula in his five-year course at Vancouver has mastered at least a working knowledge of English, and under coach William Hunter, Gallaudet '06, has developed ability which seems certain to give him a fat livelihood for some years to come. Yet only last Christmas, lacking car fare, Kotula walked 44 miles of the way home, getting a lift in a friendly tourist car the remaining 24 miles.

By pitching four games in five days, winning three of them, Kotula last season earned the appellation of "The Iron Pole." His strike-out records for this season, against strong high schools and U. S. Infantrymen, are: 13 in 7 innings; 18 in 9 innings; 21 in 9 innings; 20 in 8 innings. He has already been offered several contracts, but will keep his amateur standing until school closes.

The best thing about this quiet, unassuming, 20-year-old deaf boy is his absolute cleanliness of mind and body. If Kotula foolishly follows the glitter of the white lights in big league cities—which have ruined so many promising careers,—it will certainly surprise those who now hail him as a second "Dummy" Taylor. As soon as he earns a little money at diamond pastime, Kotula says, he will become a Nad—Frat.

NAD

IF

You had spent over \$50
Out of your own pocket

To get a compulsory education law, and a bill to surpress impostors introduced in your state legislature, and then

Some idiot—

Who didn't know the N. A. D. from Noah's port binnacle—

Wrote to the legislature that

You

Were a nut,

And that the deaf did not want the laws, that they were aimed at the Catholics, and a lot more

such silly twaddle, and

Those loons in the legislature
Swallowed it,
And let your bills die in committee.
Now, honestly.

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD?



LOUIS KOTULA
Who Equaled the World's Record

That is exactly what befell John H. Mueller, Impostor Bureau Chief for Kentucky, and who was recording secretary of the N. F. S. D. while still a kid in college.

What are we going to do about it, YOU and I?

We can not pass it off with a sigh or a smile.

Such colossal ignorance as that writer's would probably urge on the legislature to pass measures for sterilizing, and segregating, and exiling the deaf (see Pictorial Review for January, and various newspaper editorials since then.)

In self-defence we MUST do something.

A campaign of education will unite the deaf as nothing else will. That would need money—much money in the aggregate, but small if divided among the 90,000 American deaf.

Treasurer Harley Drake, an instructor at Gallaudet college, Washington, D. C., says if every deaf man or woman who, because of deafness, has been insulted or discriminated against during the past six months, would send him a dollar for an educational campaign, he would shortly have \$30,000 to \$40,000.

Let's try it and see.

NAD

Orson Fay obeyed summons for jury service and

standing in a Portland, Oregon, court calmly stared the red-faced inquisitor into a frenzy until, deeming the joke carried far enough, he indicated his ears and shook his head. A moment's breathless surprise, and then the crowd went crazy.

NAD

A merry young Major named Quinn,
Who coddles the cadets in Minn.,
Drills French and Prussian
And Turk and the Russian
And English and Hindoo and Finn.

NAD

Facts Not Worth Knowing About Nad-Frats

Publisher George Porter's ears have never been affected by loud sox.

H. Lorraine Tracy would not care to be American ambassador to Mexico.

Why does Louis Bacheberle never wear the picture of an actress in his watch?

The Rev. C. O. Dantzer is not a subscriber to *Police Gazette*, or *Vanity Fair*.

Dr. James Henry Cloud is not officially a candidate for the office of St. Louis' dead dog remover.

William Lipgens, Tiffany's crack engraver, never carved his initials—and hers—on the old school desk.

Even as a child J. Cooke Howard was a wizzard with real estate. He used to be the best mud pie maker in his social set.

Although Editor E. A. Hodgson is a carnivorous reader he never committed the New York City Directory to heart. Proving even genius has its limitations.

Francis P. Gibson would go into vaudeville for \$650 per week. For 75 cents more he would enter a den of rattlesnakes or jump off the hurricane deck of the Eastland.

If Duncan Camerson's latest hopeful does not smoke, chew, swear, lie, steal, murder, or get married before he is five years old, his father is going to give him a stick of candy.

According to Isadore Selig, the Rev. J. H. Keiser was not the best looking Nad who declaimed from the San Francisco convention. This news should be quite a staggering blow to Rev. Keiser.

Ernest Swangren, "Oregon's Original Organizer," really writes from Jaurez, Mexico, he will let the Mexicans settle their own broils—instead of dictating terms as he used to in Portland. If Ernest is in earnest, he displays increasing wisdom.

NAD

I'd be a bold Impostor

And on the corner stand,

A "Deaf" sign on my bosom,

A tin cup in my hand:—

But if some Nad should see this verse
Perhaps I'll ride within a herse.

NAD

EXTRA—THE SILENT WORKER, by reason of its unsurpassed news service, is able to definitely give the truth of Villa, and give it hours before any other periodical prints the announcement.

It is definitely proclaimed by the most eminent authorities, that Francisco Villa is at the moment of this writing, *either dead or alive!*

Which is a decided beat on paragrapher J. B. Bumgardner of the New Mexico Progress.

STRAY STRAWS

BY E. F. L.



WALDO H. ROTHERTH '98
Vice-President

THE HEIGHTS ARE HERE AND EVERY
WHERE

(From The Railway Conductor.)

*I cried, "Dear angel, lead me to the heights,
And spur me to the top."*

*The angel answered, "Stop
And set thy house in order; make it fair
For absent ones who may be speeding there,
Then we will talk of heights."*

*I put my house in order. "Now lead on!"
The angel said, Not yet;
Thy garden is beset
By thorns and tares, go weed it, so all those
Who comes to gaze may find the unweeded rose;
Then will we journey on."*

*I weeded well my garden. "All is done."
The angel shook his head.
"A beggar stands," he said,
"Outside thy gates; till thou hast given heed
And soothed his sorrow and supplied his need,
Say not that all is done."*

*The beggar left me singing. "Now at last—
The path is clear."*

*"Nay, there is one draws near
Who seeks, like thee, the difficult highway,
He lacks thy courage, cheer him thro' the day."*

*I helped my weaker brother. "Now the heights—
Oh, guide me, angel, guide!"*

*The presence at my side,
With radiant face, said, "Look, where are we
now?"*

*And lo! we stood upon the mountain's brow—
The heights, the shining heights!*

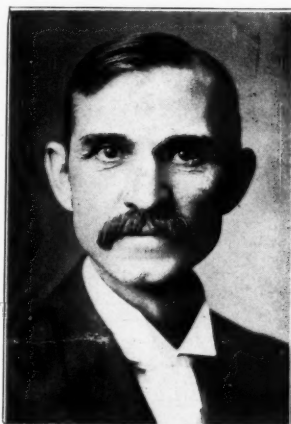


HE Mid-west Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held its annual banquet on May 13, at the Loyal Hotel in Omaha. These annual affairs usually bring together quite a number of Gallaudet's sons and daughters, not to mention the grandsons and granddaughters. Embracing, as it does, in its jurisdiction the territory in and around the two cities of Council Bluffs and Omaha, its membership is drawn from the faculties of the two schools with the addition of several alumni, alumnae and ex-es living round about. They also usually attract several alumni from a distance and have grown to be quite a feature of the social and

intellectual life of the deaf of this locality. The Chapter has an active membership of 28 and honorary members to the number of five. Of the former 15 are from Iowa, 2 from Missouri and 11 from Nebraska.

On previous occasions, state officials, state senators and representatives have sat down with the alumni and addressed them. In this way these state officials and prominent citizens have been given opportunities to get a glimpse of what higher education is doing for the deaf and in states where schools are dependent upon the good will of these officials and citizens the effect can be no other-wise than beneficial.

About forty plates were laid on the occasion this year and several hearing friends of the members were scattered among these in attendance. The president of the chapter is Mr. F. C. Holloway, '79, the nestor of the alumni in Council Bluffs and Omaha, and he acted as toastmaster.



F. C. HOLLOWAY '89
President and Toast-master

MENU

Fruit Cocktail a la Chantilly

Assorted Relishes a la Loyal

Strained Chicken Gumbo en tasse

Broiled Tenderloin Fresh Mushroom sauce

June Peas in Butter

Individual Potatoes au Gratin

Oyster Bay Asparagus
Thousand Island Dressing

Meringue Glace
Fancy cakes

Demi tasse

Following is the list of toasts given:—

TOASTS

Toastmaster.....F. C. Holloway
Edward Miner Gallaudet.....Miss Stacia Kuta
The Signature of Lincoln.....Z. B. Thompson
Gallaudet College's rank compared
with other colleges.....E. L. Michaelson
The Co-ed's part in the Benefits
Gallaudet College is dispensing.....
.....Mrs. Augusta Kruse Barrett
Preparedness.....W. A. Nelson
Helpfulness.....Supt. Henry W. Rotherth
Pioneer Days.....Supt. F. W. Booth
A pertinent Question Should



MRS. AUGUSTA KRUSE BARRETT, Ex-'96
Secretary-Treasurer

changes be made in the Curriculum of Gallaudet College that the onward march of time makes advisable?.....Mr. Waldo H. Rotherth
Rooting.....Miss Grace Evans
Enoughness.....J. W. Sowell

In speaking of the signature of Lincoln Mr. Thompson called attention to the fact that Lincoln by his approval of the bill authorizing the conferring of degrees by the Columbia Institution was, in a way, the "father" of the college and in that role played a parallel role with Washington as the father of his country, while Garfield played in the history of the college a role parallel to that of Lincoln himself in the history of the nation. Yet while the alumni had honored Garfield by placing his bust in the college chapel, it had done nothing to show recognition for the services of Lincoln. The latter, in the midst of a distracting war had found time to turn his attention from the momentous affairs involved therewith to the cause of higher education of the deaf and by his signature had created the college. Mr. Thompson urged the Chapter to start a movement to have his memory honored in the college.

Another interesting subject touched upon was that by Mr. Waldo Rotherth, in discussing changes that should be made in the college curriculum. Mr. Rotherth pointed out that the present was a practical age and needed practical training. Many influences were tending to restrict the field of employment for the deaf and if they were to successfully hold their own in any of the higher arts and skilled employment they must be fitted especially for this and the college was the place where this opportunity should be given. He urged that the present course, while it no doubt broadened the student and gave him a good cultural foundation, it usually left him stranded at the end of his college course, so that he was obliged to learn the rudiments of some science or profession before he could get a fair start toward a living competence. Technical courses, and training for newspaper work and things in which the deaf might engage should supersede the old training in Latin and certain other branches of questionable practical value.

The program of the banquet had a cover design showing Lincoln in the act of approving the bill which created the college in 1864. The picture itself is not remarkable but it takes interest from the fact that it is the work of Claude Blue, a boy in the Hawkeye office, who has considerable natu-

ral talent as an engraver. The picture was drawn in ink and then engraved upon a piece of poplar with crude tools, made by the boy himself, as the printing office at the school does not boast of an equipment for engraving.

It seems to us engraving is an art in which the deaf should find a field for which they are eminently fitted if they have any artistic talent.

Many of the deaf I know are engaged in this work successfully but too few of our schools take the trouble to teach it.

The officers of the Mid-west Chapter for the year have been Mr. F. C. Holloway, '89, president; Mr. Waldo H. Rothert, '98, vice-president; Mrs. Augusta Kruse Barrett, ex-'96, secretary-treasurer. Mr. Holloway is teacher of mathematics in

the Iowa school and Mr. Waldo Rothert holds a similar position in the Nebraska school. He is a son of Supt. Rothert of the Iowa School. Mrs. Barrett was a teacher in the Iowa school before her marriage to Mr. John W. Barrett, a teacher in the school who is still holding down his position there.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

E. F. L.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



CERTAIN New York papers, in their Sunday editions, feature "freak" and "scare" stories, the idea being to create a sensation, regardless of the facts in the case. Some months ago the New York World in its magazine section had a write up of a well advertised school for the hard of hearing that claims to teach lip-reading as an exact science. Officials of the school, with star pupils, society women, so called, who had acquired the art at the school, with an expert slob-squad specialist staged a scene in a fashionable restaurant, and the pupils went through the act in great style. By watching the lips of other women at other tables in different parts of the restaurant, the several conversations were read by the experts, and all that the casual patrons of the restaurant were discussing was told to the reporter. The conversations touched on all sorts of topics, and the stunt was carried through in great style. To have written the World and exposed the whole thing as a press-agent stunt would have been of no use, as once published newspapers will not retract nor correct, for it would be an admission of fallibility, and these newspapers won't admit that. It is possible that the whole thing was a "plant," all prearranged, even to the parts taken by the "innocent" speakers; and even if it were not, it is presumptuous to believe that even the most gifted lip-reader in the world could tell what people might be saying under the circumstances. Even the best of lip-readers have got to have some key to the topic the speaker is on, and while even I, worst of lip-readers, might be able to catch a word now and then, there is no deaf person living that can, off hand, tell what two strangers are talking about.

The same people in authority at the lip-reading school I am writing about spent a great deal of money advertising for funds to help "ten million deaf Americans," yet if they collected any for this purpose, they have been dreadfully quiet about the disposition of the fund.

When commented on this matter a few months ago in this paper, a gentleman working as a Missionary among the Deaf, wrote and told me that I was making a mistake in criticizing the appeal, because he stated that these people were really doing a great work, and that they had it a great deal harder than totally deaf people have it. But for this statement, coming from such a source, I should not comment further, but it is distinctly untrue that the hard-of-hearing are worse off than the totally deaf. No power on earth can aid the totally deaf, whereas there are many devices that help the hard-of-hearing. And, too, while medical and surgical science are powerless to alleviate total deafness, there are many helps, and frequent cures for partial deafness. The hard-of-hearing are relatively as much better off than the deaf as the defective visioned are better off than the totally blind.

The California News originates a new credit plan for reprinted stuff. Instead of crediting the source it gives the name of the editor who does the clipping. If this principle goes through, they will take Millet's name off "The Angelus" here in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and substitute

"selected by Mr. J. P. Morgan," and so on, and so on.

The gentleman most interested related the following to me himself, so it must be true. He was scheduled to make an address and at the conclusion a lady met him and told him how she admired the clearness and legibility of the earlier part of his discourse, but wondered why he went so fast after such a good start. He explained that he thought a certain newspaper writer, nameless here, was in the audience, but when he found that the c. n. w. was not among those present he "hit up on third speed." What's the use?

After reproducing from the Atlanta Constitution a long story of Helen's meeting with Caruso the Georgia School Helper runs the one-line comment:

"Oh, Lord, how Long !!!!"

The Constitution's Story ran:

KEELER "FEELS" VOICE OF WONDERFUL SINGER

"Splendor and Easy Power of Caruso's Voice Overwhelmed Me," She Declares.

Caruso never sang with more sweetness nor power in all his career than on Monday morning, in his apartment at the Georgian Terrace, when he sang to Miss Helen Keller Samson's lament, the famous aria from "Samson and Delilah."

The scene was an unusual one. Caruso standing in the center of his apartment, with Miss Keller near him, her fingers lightly touching threw all his power into the effort to make the deaf and blind girl understand the wonderful message of his voice. Miss Keller standing tensely, never missed a vibration of those wonderful vocal chords. That she did receive the message was apparent from the opening bars. Her face lightened with joy when she recognized he was singing in French, a language with which she is familiar.

CARUSO'S SUPREME EFFORT.

As Caruso sang the lamentation of the once powerful, but now blind and groping, Samson he began to realize what the prayer of his song meant to the girl by his side who was herself hopelessly blind. Then it was that Caruso reached heights of melody that were never heard before and will never be heard again. It was his supreme effort.

The nervous tension of both the principals was severe. Miss Keller was almost overcome as she thanked him in broken words, and the great tenor assured her the pleasure given him of singing to her was the greatest he had ever enjoyed.

And it remained for the blind and deaf girl, who had heard only the pure rhythm of Caruso's matchless voice, and felt the words play over her finger, to offer the greatest criticism ever made:

"It is truly wonderful," she said. "The splendor and easy power of the voice overwhelmed me as though the volume of tone were great waves sweeping over me."

"The splendor, the power and the infinite pathos of the wonderful song, so expressive of a rebellion held in check. It was a great soul in upheaval."

POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

Later Caruso and Miss Keller posed for a photograph showing them standing in the attitude they assumed when he sang to her, a few moments before.

There were present in the apartment Amato, Scognamiglio, Fuccito, Mrs. Macy, Miss Keller's

teacher; Mrs. Keller, her mother, and Miss Polly Thomson, her secretary.

At the conclusion of the aria every one of the party was in tears, so great was the pathos of the voice of the blind and hopeless Samson, through Caruso, transmitted to the consciousness of the blind and hopeful girl who has struggled against such great odds.

Miss Keller and party left last night at 10 Ga., Wednesday, April 26."

After you have read the above, you will join in Prof. Connor's "Oh, Lord, how long!"

The advance notices sent out ahead of Miss Keller show that she is billed in circus style, and a lot of money must be literally coined out of this young woman's misfortune. What a pity it all is, and what a lot of misinformation the public gets. Many a heart will throb on reading that Miss Keller, by placing her hand on Caruso's mouth recognized that he was singing in French. As a matter of fact, a drunken longshoreman

singing Tipperary would have influenced her in the same way had she been told it was Caruso singing a selection from Samson and Delilah.

Mr. Clarence A. Boxley, creator of the now celebrated idealized cow, a cow that must hereafter share celebrity honors with that other famous cow, Mrs. Leary's, who brought about the newer Chicago, by the way, is out with some definitions he got from several dictionaries, and an explanation that he considers me one of his best friends, and wonders, how, in view of that fact, that I could have the temerity to get mixed up in his nubiferous ideas. Perhaps it was because of the very fact of my admiration for the man that commented on his slurs charging every school for the deaf in this country with being back numbers. Assuredly, Mr. Boxley did not mean it, and we must assume that, in preparing his copy for publication, in his zeal he forgets the quotation marks. His last article showed quite clearly that the ideas were borrowed from numerous sources, but when Mr. Boxley gets through dressing them up, each lender would be sadly puzzled to know his own.

Mr. Wright is welcome to his by-product.

No one looks for absolute perfection in anything in the world, and the Combined method adherents know its weakest points, just as they know its strongest ones. But even with its one weak point, it is the only real method of educating the Deaf. I would like to know if Mr. Wright ever knew an oral graduate who had learned what signs and spelling mean to a deaf person who ever had a kind word for the oral method after he learned the golden, gladsome joy of the sure way. I have never met any such person.

Mr. Wright is welcome to his by-product. If he would be as honest, and admit the weakness of the only method he knows anything about, we would place a great deal more value on his opinion as an educator.

The following is reprinted just as it appeared, in The Hoosier, (Ind.):

THE ENGLISH ORDER

As bearing on the question of signs in the English order, we take the following from the Neb-

braska Journal. It was written by Mr. Seely, instructor in printing and associate editor of the Journal, and himself a deaf man.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Charles H. Eldridge, of the Kansas School at Olathe, from the 15th to 18th. Mr. Eldridge was formerly one of our teachers and came up to deliver a lecture before our Literary Society. His subject was "Jean Valjean," which he handled in a masterly manner and needless to say it was greatly enjoyed by his audience. A large number of the Alumni—old boys, girls of his—turned out to greet him. One noteworthy thing about Mr. Eldridge's lecture was that he delivered it following the English order all through. His signs were clear and concise and where a sign would

not convey the **right sense** the manual alphabet was used. It has rarely been our pleasure to enjoy a lecture so thoroughly, and at first we were at a loss to account for it, as most lecturers who use the sign language fail to bring out the real sense and meaning of their point, though they are "clear and forceful sign makers." Going home on the car after the lecture the point came home to us—the English order was used.

By **right sense** we mean a lot, but all who are acquainted with the sign language know its shortcomings when one sign could be used for a dozen different words or phrases and no two of these words or phrases would convey the same sense or meaning. Hence the sign is ambiguous. Where such a situation arises we believe a lecturer could win his point to more advantage, if instead of

using an ambiguous sign, if he could use the alphabet.

In a late issue we quoted Mr. Pach, the deaf photographer of New York as urging the use of signs in the English order, and the point he makes is a good one. All teachers—oral, manual, or combined—strive to turn out pupils who are able to and who do use good English. All but the most rabid day-school oralists admit that the deaf will sign. All but the most rabid manualist will admit that the signing in the haphazard order commonly used is a hindrance to the use of good English. Signing in the English order would be a help instead of a detriment to the acquisition of language by the deaf.

A. L. PACH.

The Silent Athletic Club of Chicago

THE Silent Athletic Club of Chicago, a group photograph of which is shown with this article, was organized in October, 1912, by several of the "younger set" of Chicago. Later on, a good many of the "old boys" joined and added the ballast which added to its stability, although it remains the "youngest" organization of the deaf of that city in more ways than one. It also is the largest and "richest" of the social clubs there.

Its first quarters were in a store room located some five miles from the down-town district on the West side. At the start, the club purchased most of the furniture and the pool table of the Pas-a-Pas Club when that club gave up its rooms, and continued to use them until new quarters were rented near to town—then new fixtures were purchased. Its present rooms are located at 1641 West Madison St. and are nicely fitted up, having a pool table and all other requisites for comfort and enjoyment. Its regular business meetings are held on the first Fridays of each month, social and literary evenings being on the program at regular intervals. However the club room is open every evening and accessible to members at all times.

A baseball nine, a football eleven, a basketball five, tennis club and other auxiliaries represent the athletic side of the club. Frequent lectures, readings and talks are also scheduled. Most of the members are Frats, too. Visitors in Chicago are cordially invited to make the club their headquarters. Its membership is nearing the hundred mark, and its treasury has a little less than a thousand dollars in it. This speaks pretty well for such a youngster.

The names of those members in the photograph are given under the engraving thereof. Other members not in the group are: Arthur Hinch, George Sullivan, Mark Stebelton, Ward Belford, Clarence Britton, Max Himmelstein, Arno Dietzsch, H. H. Kohn, Walter Michaelson, Matthew Schuettler, Ed-



MEMBERS OF THE SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB OF CHICAGO
FOUNDED OCTOBER, 1912

Top Row, left to right—Warren Murdoch, Merton Fielding, Paul Block, Leo J. Clinnen, David O'Connor, Max Smetanka, John Mudlaff, Washington Barrow, Fred J. Shanisey, Edward M. Rowse, Arthur Gersch, Richard Boyd, John Wall.

Second Row from top—Roy Dildine, Otto Mallman, Elmer Priester, Louis Newman, Joseph Hank, Moses Bessman, Edwin E. Carlson, Anthony Krieger, August Mayer, Martin Kerr, Joseph Miller, Elmer Vieweg, Martin Dettmer, Frank Raymond, Adolph H. Jacoby.

Third Row from top—John Crimmins, Matthew Heinz, Frank O. Johnson, Anthony J. Novotny, Harry E. Cupps, Ashley Mickenham, Bennie B. Jacobson, Theodore Bonkowski, Lance Nelson, Anton Novy, George Bossi, William Maiworm, Joseph Stach, Isaac Weisbaum, Anton Tanzar.

Fourth Row from top—Bernard Jacobson, George A. Schriver, Harry Belling, Meyer Jacobs, Henry Kraft, Edward A. Hart, John D. Sullivan, Harrison M. Leiter, David Padrowsky, Paul Belling, Henry Morisse, Eric Ornberg.

Bottom Row—Edward Knobloch, Isadore Newman.

Courtesy of The Frat.

ward Toomey, Wilbur Wells, Harvey Wilson, John Cordano, Joseph Bernstein, Ivor Friday, Arthur Finch, John Freeman, Moses Graff, John Kader, Theodore Liedberg, Douglas Mitchelson, Oliver Mack, J. Frederick Meagher, Albert Maierhofer, Abe Migatz, Charles D. Russell, David Stutsman, Eason Trexler, John Neilson, John Fisher, Michael Varnick, E. H. Thompson, John Bauer, John F. Miller.

Its officers are: Joseph Miller, President; David Padrowsky, Vice-President; Anthony Novotny, Secretary; August Mayer, Financial Secretary; Harrison Leiter, Treasurer; Arthur Gersch, Sergeant; Leo J. Clinnen, Arthur Hinch, Adolph H. Jacoby, Trustees.

Three of its members have passed on: Edgar

Dietzsch, Edward A. Hart and Oscar H. Regensburg.

The writer has seen clubs come and go in this good old city of ours, also seen them rise and fall, and can well remember the high water mark of 135 members which one reached in its most prosperous times—and perhaps Chicagos the days of the World's Fair—but if indications, backed up with typical Chicago hustle, amount to anything he has no hesitation in expressing his opinion that the "S. A. C." has as bright a future ahead of it as any like organization ever had, or will have. It already has in its treasury more than any of the others were ever blessed with—which in itself means a lot. Long may it live and prosper.

F. P. GIBSON.

THE DEAF MAKING GOOD

Despite the unsettled condition of the labor market during the past year the deaf of the west have fared very well in the matter of steady employment. So far as we have been able to ascertain there is but one who has been out of work. This may be due in a great measure to the training received and there can be no doubt of the fact that the money spent in supporting the school is a good investment. —The Silent Observer.

Alpha W. Patterson, Gallaudet, '14, is now engaged in the newspaper business, he having become editor of the *Lincoln News*, an independent weekly at Lincoln, Ark.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

NERVE SOOTHERS

You have a fine staff of writer's whose writings have delighted your numerous readers and are nerve-soothers.

EDWARD F. TOOMEY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ORIGINAL TOOK EXCEPTION

"Well, auntie, have you got your photographs yet?"
"Yes, and I sent them back in disgust."
"Gracious: How was that?"
"Why, on the back of every photo was this: The original of this is carefully preserved."—*London Opinion*.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—*Exodus 20:21*.

Silent Worker

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JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.

GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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VOL. XXVIII. JUNE, 1916, No. 9

The Silent Observer is one of the few "silent" ones that time has not yet silenced.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Control of a southern school it was decided to install a motion picture machine and appoint a dentist. It is hard to understand, in the light of this era of progress, just how they have ever gotten along until now without them.

A church fair that brings a clear profit of four hundred dollars is one that stands out, now-a-days, in bold relief, as one that has succeeded far beyond the ordinary measure; and St. Ann's Church is to be felicitated upon having a business committee far and away beyond the usual.

The passing of Mr. Moses Hyman of New York takes from the deaf community of that city a man active in all their social, literary and business affairs, one who ever shed brightness and good cheer among them and was first in all of their good works, and one who will be sadly missed and sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

MOST WORTHY

We are glad to give space to the communication from Mrs. Annetta Mills relative to the progress being made at the Chefoo School. The dearth of funds there is most to be regretted. The souls in China are as precious, and as worthy of being saved as those anywhere in the world, and it is to be hoped that every school in our land will answer in some measure, the earnest, anxious appeal, that Mrs. Mills has sent us.

EVEN BETTER

We have always insisted that, other things being equal, the deaf workman was not only the equal of the hearing workman but frequently a better one owing to his freedom from the abstractions that take so much of the attention of those who can hear; and we are glad to note that this view, exactly, is taken by Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who in a recent interview said, "Deafness has its advantage. My own deafness enables me to concentrate my thought, as I'd never be able to do, if abstracted by noise and conversation. It helps me sleep, too." This freedom from abstraction applies as well to the dangers in the use of machinery to the deaf. The same ability to concentrate that makes the work better also makes it much less dangerous and the claim that machinery is more dangerous to the deaf than to those who can hear has no basis in fact. On the contrary it is fast becoming an established fact that it is much less dangerous.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

As a remedy for the juvenile delinquency in our great cities, Judge Meridith W. Pinckney of Chicago, in an address at a meeting of the National Federation of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association, recommends thrashings for fathers whose children are brought into court.

Fathers, he says, are more than anything else, responsible for their arrest. He adds: "They," the fathers, "take no time to think of the child until he is brought into court. Boys and girls who appear, come from the fashionable districts and from the slums. Whether in the ghetto or upon the Great White Way there is a constant struggle between moral light and darkness. In the seven years I have been Judge of the Juvenile Court 32,000 cases have been heard. Eighty-two per cent resulted from parental neglect or incompetency. Dangers lurk around every corner, and parents must know where their children are every minute of the day and night, if they are to prevent them from appearing in court."

A large responsibility indeed and one that must needs set the papas and mammas to thinking.

THE SCHOOL YEAR

Several months ago the local Board of Education gave notice of its intention to lengthen the school year by shortening the Summer vacation. It had already done so by providing for continuation or vacation schools that were conducted for five or six weeks, but on the sessions of which attendance was optional on the pupils—or their parents. Possibly the change will be made this year by opening the public schools at or about the first day of September.

The State Board of Education, at its meeting on Saturday, adopted a resolution to require that two hundred days be devoted to teaching in the State Normal Schools. Under the present rule of the State Board, "the term 'school year' shall mean a period of not less than nine months of twenty

school days each," and one hundred and eighty days have constituted the school year in the normal schools, and generally in the primary, grammar and high schools as well.

A large portion of the public will agree with John P. Murray, who urged the change, that the vacation period is entirely too long. Because of the custom of families spending July and August at the seaside or country resorts, it will be impracticable to lengthen the school year to more than two hundred days, as there is always a week or more of vacation at the Christmas holidays, and another week at Easter, but there is no good reason why the children should not be given the benefits of twenty days more in school each year.—The Trenton Times.

As we follow the lines set down by the Normal Schools pretty closely in the matter of our holidays, it would not be very surprising if we, too, began our coming term on the first of September.

The addition of two thoroughly trained oral instructors to our teaching staff, during the past year, has enabled us to reduce the number of pupils in our classes and has been a marked benefit to our work in every way. One of our sections, during the previous term, contained thirty children. During the coming term we hope to have the number reduced, in every case, to ten, or, at most to twelve pupils.

A difficulty in getting paper of needed quality and kind is now one of our stumbling-blocks in the publication of our school-papers and reports.

An average of nine splendid lectures are open to the public in the city of New York, nightly, "without money and without price." Blessed New York!

FINAL GOOD

I know as my life grows older,

And mine eyes have clearer sight—

That under each rank wrong, somewhere

There lies the root of right;

That each sorrow has a purpose,

By the sorrowing oft unguessed,

But as sure as the sun brings morning,

Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,

As sure as the night brings shade,

Somewhere, sometime is punished,

Tho the hour be long delayed,

I know that the soul is aided

Sometimes by the heart's unrest,

And to grow means often to suffer—

But Whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors

In the great eternal plan,

And all things work together

For the final good of man.

And I know as my soul speeds onward,

In its grand eternal quest.

I shall say as I look backward,

Whatever is—is best.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.

SCHOOL and CITY



May.

Shad.

Roses.

Base-ball.

Mother's Day.

Memorial Service.

The month beautiful.

But three more weeks of school.

How will you spend the summer?

The circus parade did not materialize.

Theodore Nitschke got ten cents in a letter.

Memorial Day always brings us lots of visitors.

We've had a phenomenally cool and stormy May.

Annie Uhouse knows quite a bit of language already.

Our examinations are the all absorbing topic just at present.

Randall McClelland has made six home-runs already this season.

All the children are delighted to think that vacation is so near.

Joseph Allocca expects to go with his father to Canada in August.

Miss Craver's class gave her a beautiful big bouquet on her birthday.

Shad, two dollars a piece. Whew! We fear we shall not often get shad.

Alice Clayton brought us a splendid big bunch of lilies of the valley on Monday morning.

The Cook and Wilson circus was in town week before last, the big fellow last week.

Our boys were royally entertained at Pennington Seminary and speak most highly of their visit.

Mr. Porter has just finished a number of fine views of the children and our grounds and buildings.

If we do not get more room pretty soon some of the boys and girls will have to camp out on the lawns.

When Josie Kulikowski met her brother at the station the other day she scarcely knew him, he had grown so.

Edward Scheiber's favorite amusement is bicycle-riding, and he is never happier than when astride a wheel.

We thought that we were going to lose our horse, a few days ago, but happily, he pulled through all right.

Quite a party of the girls attended the moving-picture entertainment at the City Square Theatre on Saturday evening.

Hans Hansen and Miles Sweeney both gave fine little addresses in chapel on Sunday afternoon, two weeks ago.

The suit purchased by Arthur Greene is a very nice one indeed, and reflects a great deal of credit on his judgment.

Salvatore Maggio says that his father has a fine garden, and that they have fresh vegetables every day while he is at home.

Vito Dondiego underwent a surgical operation in St. Francis hospital one day last week, and is not yet well enough to be out.

Annie Uhouse greatly enjoys rising at five and attending the early service at her church. Mary Murphy generally accompanies her.

Our children know what is fashionable and pretty and while they do not go to extremes, they keep remarkably up-to-date in their dress.

Louis Bausman's father has been assigned to the pastorate of the Pedricktown church, so that will be the future home of Lewis and Marion.

Frank W. Hoppaugh's hand got quite a little squeeze in the linotype, on Wednesday, just enough to remind him that he must be careful.

A number of the children bought chameleons at the circus, and they are objects of great interest to all hands, especially to the babies.

Robert VanSickle, probably, does more reading than any pupil in our school. He has just finished the fourth volume of the Count of Monte Cristo.

Nearly all of our children and the majority of our teachers saw Charley Chaplin in "The Floor-walker" and all agree that it was very laughable.

The reports from Anna Robinson's sister are not at all favorable and it is feared that it will be some time before she will be able to be out again.

Caramel egg custard was the last product of the cooking class in dessert making, and after testing it, the class pronounced it one of the finest.

A new little nephew, now two months old and weighing nearly nine pounds will be at home to welcome Cathryn Melone when she arrives on the 17th.

The school was given a half holiday, on Wednesday, so that everybody could see the circus parade; but strikes and storms interfered and it did not materialize at all.

Bertha Patterson says that "our school-days are our best days," and, while Bertha has not seen enough of life to be fully able to judge, we guess she is pretty near right.

Louis Bausman notes with a great deal of pleasure that his brother has a new bicycle, for that means that Louis will have occasional use of one, during the summer.

Fred Ciampaglia says that Jupiter Pluvius is a friend of the farmer rather than of our boys, because it so often rains when they have anything they want to do out of doors.

Speaking of our inability to take the trip to Philadelphia this year, Arthur Long says, "hope is a bubble that soon bursts and disappears." Arthur is getting to be quite a philosopher.

The lesson in the cooking-class on Thursday afternoon was on making potato salad, and the girls voted it one of the cheapest and best dishes they have, thus far, been taught to prepare.

The flash-light which Roy Hapward purchased some time ago has proved not only a very interesting article but also a most useful one, enabling him, as it does, to see clearly into all dark corners.

The linotypes come pretty near being samples of perpetual motion. When one boy leaves, there is always another to take his place, and they have few idle moments. There is a reason.

The subjects of our last moving-picture lecture were, "The Story of a Packet of Tea," "The Making of a Shoe from Cowhide Pelt to Goodyear Welt" and "A busy Day in one of the Northwest's largest Banks."

Our garden, under the direction of Miss Wood, again will be one of the features of the year. She and her children have set out beans, lettuce, onions, potatoes, peas and radishes, and we may now expect crops of these succulent vegetables ere long.

Our team is playing better ball than ever, this year. It has met strong nines right along, and yet its record, up to the present time, has been two games won to each that it has lost. Captain Doyle certainly takes a great interest and makes his players toe the mark.

The wood-workers completed the big, roomy case they have been working on for the past few weeks, last Wednesday, and moved it up to the Millinery and embroidery room. It holds much of Miss Stevenson's best work, and is a most valuable addition to her department.

Every time that Mary Murphy returns from a motion picture exhibition, she gathers the little girls around her and tells them what she has seen. These explanations are almost as much to the tots as the original pictures would have been, and they always look forward anxiously to her return from the "movies."

The robin seldom builds until the leaves are far enough out to afford at least a partial concealment of her nest. One of ours has deviated entirely from the rule this year by building in the maple between the infirmary and Industrial building, right out in the open, almost before the vestige of a leaf had appeared.

Fifteen wax-wings lit in the rose-bush on the east lawn Tuesday afternoon, some of them dropping to the ground and feeding for a while, and they were the most interesting lot we have seen during the spring. Five of them ate out of a half apple for a long time with no sign of fighting and they were as tame as little chickens.

Miss Tilson took Helen Bath and Alfred Corby to Merchantville, on Monday, and gave two demonstrations of methods of teaching the deaf before the mother's club of that place. Everybody was greatly interested, quite a few of the mothers and children who witnessed the exhibitions never having heard deaf children speak before. It is needless to say that the children enjoyed the day greatly.

Our centre-maid, Mrs. Matlack can thank her agility for a very narrow escape from what might have been a most serious accident on Thursday; she was working out on the veranda, and stopped a moment to lean against the rail which surrounds it. The panel she placed her hands on gave way and she seemed doomed to a hard fall; but, with rare presence of mind, she jumped and landed safely on her feet, considerably shaken up, but not at all injured.

Frank Hoppaugh and Bernard Doyle spent Sunday in Washington, the guest of Charles Dobbins, and pronounce the trip the finest they have ever had. Charles took them to the Washington Monument and many other places of interest, including Gallaudet College. They were especially impressed with the college and both now wish to enter there. Bernard says the city is the "best and most clean place" he has ever seen, and wishes that he could live there forever. Sure it is, that if all of our boys and girls could visit the college, more of them would want to take the course there.

PUBLIC OPINION

BY DR. J. H. CLOUD



HE recently issued proceedings of the Eleventh (Special) Convention of the National Association of the Deaf held at San Francisco last summer is one of the most presentable and interesting volumes of that valuable and interesting series. The pamphlet embraces 176 pages, including a complete directory of a record membership of about 1500 names. We had attended the last nine meetings of the N. A. D. While the one held at San Francisco does not hold the record for attendance, (which record still belongs to St. Louis), "forensic eloquence" or "intellectual fireworks," it was a most harmonious and purposeful gathering and seems to have accomplished more work and outlined more constructive measures of far-reaching import than any previous convention. It was a splendid preliminary to next year's centennial celebration of the founding of the first American School for the Deaf. The directing forces, the local committee expected, which did so well at San Francisco, will be responsible for the world's greatest gathering of the Deaf at Hartford in 1917 and will without doubt, fully measure up to the importance of the occasion.

The memberships of the N. A. D. should be 50,000 by the time the convention meets at Hartford next summer.

A friend of ours interested in the Deaf, a prominent educator engaged in public school work, had occasion lately to visit a distant city in the interest of the U. S. Department of Education. While there he visited an oral day-school and was favorably impressed with what he saw. He asked the principal if the oral method was adapted to all cases of the teachable Deaf. The principal frankly admitted that it was not. He then inquired what was done with deaf children who could not advantageously be taught by the oral method. "Oh!" replied the principal, "we send such cases to the state institution." The oral schools have Milwaukee its Delavan, San Francisco its Berkeley the country across. Yet the ultra oralist continues to proclaim that every deaf child—no matter if born totally deaf and of a low order of intelligence—can be educated by the exclusive speech method.

A new book—"Lip-Reading for Class Instruction"—by Louise I. Morgenstern, teacher of lip-reading in the New York Evening Schools, is on the market. The publisher has written us asking for it our "kind consideration." We have not seen the book. The circular describing its merits opens with the following statement:

The growth of the oral method of instruction of deaf children in the United States has taken giant strides forward in the last two decades.

Educators of the deaf have become more and more convinced that the majority of these children can learn to speak and to read the lips, and that the sign language, the use of which stamps them as a people apart, need be employed as a means of communication by those only whose mental caliber is below the average.

The sign-language,—the use of which stamps the Deaf as a people apart!

The sign-language,—for those only whose mental caliber is below the average!

Thus it would appear that no sooner is a head of the ultra oralistic Hydra struck off with the club of Truth than two new ones grow in its place. The Hydra had its day and then came Hercules.

There is no question but that the use of signs does injure the ability to acquire correct English. —A. L. Pach in Silent Worker.

We were all but turned out of a convention once for making that statement.—Palmetto Leaf.

It is not the use but the abuse of the sign language which may have some detrimental effect upon the learner's acquisition of correct English. Correct English has been acquired in too many instances in spite of signs—used or abused—to fault them for language deficiencies.

JAMES H. CLOUD.

St. Louis. Mo.

THE SWEETNESS OF SILENCE

Thy mind is strung in harmony,
With all that Nature gives.
Thou lovest all that's beautiful,
In everything that lives.

God gave us speech and hearing keen,
The same withheld from you,
But gave you sympathy with all
Beneath the vault of blue.

What psychic force He gave to you,
What insight into things
That are divine, no common man
Can tell, nor even Kings!

There is a bond between the flowers
And you, O silent one!
You are the silent friend of all
Beneath the radiant sun.

With gift of intuition keen
You read where others fail:
You hear the things we cannot hear,
That are beyond our pale.

God speaks to you; you answer Him
With words of grateful heart.
Each can the other understand
And nought can ever part.

You hear the music that ever comes
To souls that do respond
To the love of the esthetic in
This life and that beyond.

—L'Delamoque.

"The man who invented the printing press did more than the man who gave the world gunpowder. The man who invented the linotype did more than the man who gave the world the dreadnaught.—Billy Sunday.

Ask any married man you meet: "Did you mail that letter your wife gave you this morning?" and see if he doesn't turn pale and put his hand in the breast pocket of his coat.—Lowell (Mass) Sun.—The Pilot.

ALICE S. HAMMOND

Alice S. Hammond, one of the brightest deaf on the Pacific Coast, died at her home in Tacoma, Wash., April 8, 1916, aged 23 years. She suffered a nervous break-down being ill only ten days.

The news of her death was received by the deaf of Puget Sound country with incredulity, none be-



ALICE S. HAMMOND

ing aware that she was ill. When the real truth dawned upon them there was a general feeling that one of the best of us was gone. A large delegation of deaf from Seattle attended the funeral which was held Tuesday, April 11th. The front of the Chapel was a mass of flowers. The bearers at the funeral were Messrs. Foster, Miller, and Bertram, of Tacoma and Hanson, Sackville-West and Root, of Seattle.

Miss Hammond graduated from our state school at Vancouver, then entered Gallaudet college which she finished at the age of 19. Since returning from Washington, D. C., most of her time was spent at

home. She organized the ladies of Tacoma into a Thursday Club which met monthly. She was a member of the N. A. D., the state association of the Deaf and the Puget Sound Association of the Deaf.

Alice was especially fond of out-of-door sports, golf being a favorite, a horseback ride was to her liking, while a plunge in the water of Puget Sound even in the cool autumn days was relished, as to canoeing and indoor sports Alice was always there.

She was a writer of much ability. Many of her contributions have been in the deaf press, but as she usually used another name in writing her worth in that line is little known.

Alice with her gay laughter and desire to make every one happy is gone and none in their hearts have aught against her.

W. S. Roor.

SEATTLE, WASH., April 19, 1916.

LONDON DEAF DRILLING

The adult deaf of the Metropolis are reported to have commenced to drill, so as to qualify for assisting their country in the great war. Through the initiative of Mr. Barnes, of Homerton, a meeting was held at St. Saviour's, Oxford Street, London, W., last October, when over a hundred men were present. The movement was eagerly supported, and when the first drill took place at St. Paul's Hall, Walworth, over fifty took part. In other districts of London drilling also began at about the same date. At Walworth on one occasion over sixty were present, and the same number mustered at the first united drill for London in the West End on the 21st November.

The Rev. A. Simth is a keen supporter of the movement, and he states that if two hundred qualified for London they would be linked to the Hackney Battalion of Volunteers. The regular instructor at Walworth is Mr. Simpson, of Anerley, while Mr. Harwood is instructor of the Deptford section.

It was the German schoolhouse which destroyed Napoleon III. France, since then, is making monster cannon and drilling soldiers still, but she is also building schoolhouses.—Beecher.

The passions are the gales of life; and it is religion only that can prevent them from rising into a tempest.—Dr. Watts.

AS BACON MIGHT WRITE WERE HE A MEMBER OF THE L. P. F.

"It is the nature of the Cads as they will set the house on fire, and it were but to roast the N. A. D. eggs."—*Essay on Man's Self.*

"Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies to the N. A. D., must expect new evils."—*On Innovations.*

"A deaf-mute who is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god."—*On Friendship.*

"A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, except a convention promotor."—*On Friendship.*

"It is no baseness for the greatest to descend, but not to a fellowship with 'holier-than-thou' deaf-mutes."—*On Expense.*

"If the college men be too many, the common deaf will be base."—*On Kingdoms and Estates.*

"A foreign war serveth to keep the body in health, and the N. A. D. compromise candidates doth well to war on the lonely impostors."—*On Kingdoms and Estates.*

"There is no vice that doth cover a deaf-mute with shame as to belittle merit, if he is capable of shame."—*On Truth.*

"Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more a deaf-mute's nature runs to, the more ought the principals to learn Christian Science."—*On Revenge.*

"A deaf-mute that hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth success in another."—*On Envy.*

"As for deaf talkers, they are commonly vain, for he that talketh what he knoweth well, will also talk what he knoweth not."—*On Dissimulation.*

"He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to the N. S. F. D."—*On Marriage.*

"It is a strange desire to seek power, that will tempt cads to hide, combine, lie and rob."—*On Great Places.*

"There be that can park cards and yet cannot play well; so there are the ignorant deaf secretaries that are good in canvasses, that are otherwise weak scoundrels."—*On Cunning.*

"In things that a N. A. D. president would not be seen in himself, it is a point at cunning to borrow the name of a State association."—*On Cunning.*

"A sudden, bold and unexpected X-ray doth many times surprise a man."—*On Cunning.*

"Bold deaf-mutes for expostulations; fair-spoken deaf-mutes for persuasion; crafty deaf-mutes for inquiry and observation; forward and absurd deaf-mutes for business."—*On Negotiating.*

"Use only deaf-mutes as have been lucky and prevailed before."—*On Followers and Friends.*

"They exhort honor from a great deaf-mute and make him a return in envy."—*On Followers and Friends.*

"To countenance collegemen only is to make them insolent and the rest discontent."—*On Followers and Friends.*

"It is good discretion not to make too much of any plan that belongeth to the future, for it is like consulting a house-painter before you have built your house."—*On Followers and Friends.* ZENO.

ALARM WATCH FOR THE DEAF

Popular Mechanics describes the recent invention of an alarm wrist-watch for the deaf and for the use of those desiring an alarm without disturbing others.

It consists of a string attachment so arranged as to tighten at the required time, pressure on the wrist awakening the sleeper.

It is said to be especially useful for travellers.—*Deaf Hawkeye.*

It is said that the deaf of Sweden, Norway, Denmark or Germany were not allowed to learn how to operate linotype machines. How different it is in the United States, the land of the free.

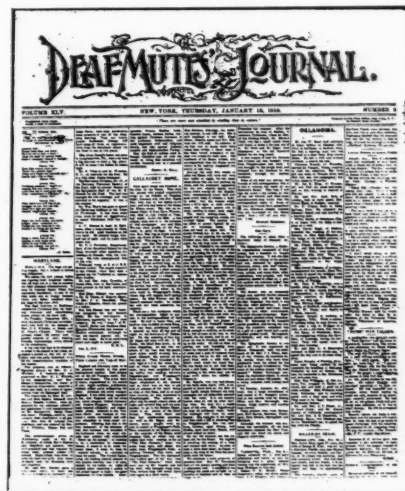
Even virtue itself, all perfect as it is, requires to be inspired by passion; for duties are but coldly performed which are but philosophically fulfilled.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

The Little Paper Family

School Papers Printed by and for the Deaf
Exhibit No. 1—(others to follow).



JOHN E. TRAVIS, Editor



E. A. HODGSON, Editor



MISS OLIVA BLOUNT GRIMES, Editor

TRI CITY NEWS

At the last meeting of the Tri City Gallaudet Club it was decided to endorse Mr. W. A. Nelson for the president of the I. A. D. at the coming convention to be held at Des Moines next Aug. 21 to 24th. Mr. Nelson has been the president of the I. A. D. for 3 terms and has proved to be one of the best and most efficient presidents that the association ever had. He has already announced that he was not a candidate for a fourth term, but the members and friends remonstrated with him till he accepted it. The members and friends of the city are going in a strong body to boost his candidacy. Mr. Geo. Brashar was taken to the St. Luke Hospital last April 15 to be operated on for rupture and in two weeks he was able to get out and go home, but will not be able to report to his work at the Wheel works for three weeks at least.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martin, late of Cedar Rapids, Ia., have moved to Davenport where Mr. Martin has obtained a job in the Wheel Works, this increasing the population of Deaf Mutes in Davenport.

Mr. Moses Knisley, who went to Los Angeles, California, last winter was married to Mrs. Laura McCrary last April 25 and they have announced their intention to move to Davenport in May or June. They surely will be welcomed as they are a most pleasant couple.

The Mississippi River has swollen to the highest point that it has attained here for 40 years. The record here is 15 feet above high water mark; but it is now 16 feet and the low lands are overflowed, but fortunately no mutes live in these low lands.

Tri City Gallaudet Club is planning to have a big festival on May 30th, and it has been decided to have a party staged at Mr. and Mrs. Will Brashar, as there will be a big gathering of deaf-mutes from other cities during the Decoration Day at the U. S. Arsenal. Big time is assured for all from 2 to 11 P.M.

Mr. W. A. Nelson, as the president of the I. A. D., is going to Council Bluffs on business with the executive committees on May 12 and 13 ult. and then go to Des Moines to look over certain matters pertaining to the convention.

Mr. Chas. Loughran is a shipping clerk in the Crescent Maccaroni factory and is a great checker player and thinks he is the champion in Tri cities. He says anyone who thinks they can beat him, will please challenge him. Mr. Oscar Osterberg who has been sick with pneumonia for two or three months, is able to be around with a cane and glad to meet his friends. He looks rather thin.

F. Hemmelder has been working for seven hours a day for two or three months, but orders went around that there will be eight hours work from now on and he thinks Mr. Art Heritage, who is working for his uncle on a farm, will be able to get a job with him soon. Business all over the city is picking up now.

F. HEMMELDER.

DO THINGS TO A FINISH

Any schoolboy can easily understand what this article is about.

Any man or woman, whose school days are over, will read it with appreciation and approval.

Some of them may even look back regretfully upon their neglected opportunities while at school. But lost time cannot be recalled.

The boy and girls at school can learn the lesson the subjoined article teaches. They can make a future free from regrets of wasted time and lost opportunities.

To-day, for them, is the time, the advantage, the opportunity. They should fill their time with the thoroughness that carries all they may attempt to a finish. Whatever they do—be it study, work or play—should be done thoroughly.

Many men fail because they never quite finish what they undertake. One of the hardest problems a teacher has to solve is how make boys and girls do things to a finish. The habit of flitting from one thing to another is a childish trait, but too often it becomes a fixed principle and extends into mature life.—*N. Y. Journal.*

PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER



In a recent number of *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* we reported the appearance of Mrs. M. J. Syle, All Souls' Parish Visitor, with her daughter, Miss Irene and two other young ladies who are members of the church choir, before the Bishop's Brick Committee to tell of the work among the deaf, and incidentally to give illustrations of the sign-language as a means for worship by rendering a couple of hymns. The members of the Committee who are prominent ladies in the Diocese of Pennsylvania were so affected by the exhibition that they expressed their thanks thru Mrs. Syle in a very effusive letter. A little comment was added by us that seemed pertinent to the news item. We would add still more now to show that the people of All Souls' are active both within and without. They believe that one of the best ways to interest church people in the work among the deaf is *first to interest them*. Few hearing people who are unacquainted with the deaf believe in the general utility of the sign-language. A demonstration is necessary to convince them. Long ago, or, to be exact, about three years ago, the Rev. Mr. Dantzer, on the advice of friends high up in the Church, began to give talks and illustrations like the one Mrs. Syle gave recently. He still eagerly awaits the opportunity to do more. He has made addresses before various organizations in the following places and parishes: The Central Committee of the Diocesan Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary in the Church House; St. Luke's Church, Kensington; St. Martin's-in-the-Field, Wicahickon; St. Jude and the Nativity (twice); Old Christ Church; St. Barnabas, West Philadelphia; St. Philip's West Philadelphia, and Trinity Church, Trenton, N. J. In several of these lantern slides were used to illustrate the address, and in nearly all, members of the ladies' choir gave illustrations in sign renditions of the more popular church hymns, while he gave personal illustrations in the use of the sign-language.

Perversely, that is two or three years ago, he was also on invitation able to give such talks before the Women's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's, Wilmington, and the Church of the Resurrection, Broad and Tioga Streets, Philadelphia, and twice before the congregation of St. Andrew's, Lambertville, N. J.

Needless to say that Rev. Mr. Dantzer received very flattering letters from some of the above; but, in his experience, he has had disappointments also. Some rectors for various reasons thought such addresses not suitable for their parish. The addresses themselves could not be objectionable since they are simply descriptive of the work being done by the Church among the deaf, so it is to be inferred that the ominous part is the sign-language. What idea have these rectors about this language? Do they imagine it a means for performing circus stunts? Excuse us, but their excuses are simply *ad nauseam*.

Thus it will be seen that the Rev. Mr. Dantzer has been doing much forward work for the good of All Souls' and the deaf ministry in general. He has both directly and indirectly boosted the sign-language by these demonstrations of its beauty and efficiency in connection with his work—a very important service when it is considered that there are still a great many people in the Church who have never seen the language at its best and therefore can not believe that it is an adequate means for the conduct of worship. Even some present-day Bishops stipulate that some parts of the Episcopal services be spoken orally. And there are churches and churchmen who still decline to give their approval to churches for the deaf whose only means of worship is the sign-language. Humiliating as such conditions seem, it is strange that our leading deaf of the country are spending all their energy and force in arguing the superiority of the sign-language over oralism as a means of education instead of devoting themselves downright to ways and means of com-

mending the sign-language to universal favor. Is not public opinion a greater force than theory? Rev. Mr. Dantzer's work, as stated above, may be distasteful to some, but it is undoubtedly one of the best ways to court public favor and win friends for the sign language.

The following letter, which was kindly furnished us by the Rev. Mr. Dantzer, is important and well worthy of reprint as defining the status of the deaf in the operation of the Workmen's Compensation Act of Pennsylvania. Note that the interpretation is from none other than the Compensation Board's own counsel in Philadelphia. We do not know whether the same definition applies to similar laws in other states, but the deaf can look it up and satisfy themselves.

THE REV. C. O. DANTZER,

3525 N. 19th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—Mrs. Lott tells me that members of your congregation are complaining that they have been refused work because of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

The provisions of the Compensation Act, which regulate policies of insurance is very specific to the effect that the premiums charged to employers by insurance carriers, including the State Fund, shall take no account of any physical impairment of the employee, therefore, if the employer is insured it is a matter of complete financial indifference to him whether his men are deaf or not, since his premium rate can not be affected by even total deafness, as he would pay the same premium on them as though they were sound in every particular.

Those employers who have been granted the right to carry their own liability without insurance, have been required to state whether it will be their policy to discriminate against any class of employees for the purpose of reducing their liability under the WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT of 1915, and in all cases where the privilege of carrying their own liability has been granted, they have stated it would not be their policy to do so.

Any discrimination that is practiced against any member of your congregation must therefore, I think, be due to a misunderstanding on the part of those employers who are insured, or to a breach of their statement on the part of the employers who have been granted the privilege of carrying their own liability.

In one or two cases workmen have been discharged by employers who have been insured, because the workman was not in perfect physical condition. In at least one of these cases a letter from me to the employer explaining the situation resulted in a reinstatement of the man discharged. Busy as I am, I will be very glad to write a similar letter on behalf of any of your congregation if his employer should, through any misunderstanding of the legislation in force, discharge him.

Very truly yours,
FRANCIS H. BOHLEN, Counsel.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
Department of Labor and Industry,
Workmen's Compensation Board.
March 27, 1916.

Encouraged and assisted by prominent Hebrew patrons, and by the generosity of the Young Men's Hebrew Association which placed their handsome hall at its disposal, the Beth Israel Association of the Deaf was enabled to give a successful and enjoyable fancy dress ball on the evening of April First, last, for its own benefit.

The first deaf person in this locality to benefit by the Workmen's Compensation Act is Thomas Wall-work, who suffered a painful injury to his left arm in the large printery of the Reyburn Manufacturing Company. The injury, however, is not expected to disable him from work longer than a few weeks. The accident was not due to his deafness but to an open guard-frame at the press on which he worked.

Thru the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, issue of March 23, we learned that a graceful mark of appreciation was shown to Mr. George M. Teegarden by the First Academy Class and Class No. 1, jointly with the officers of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf on the occasion of his sixty-fourth birthday an-

niversary, March 11th, 1916. After subjecting him to the task of preparing a reading of Sir Walter Scott's famous work, "The Lady of the Lake," as a pretext, and then gathering in the chapel of the school in pretense of seeing the reading. Mr. Teegarden, on his arrival, was taken completely by surprise by being told that he was not expected to entertain them but that they would celebrate his natal day. Thus a social immediately followed during which he was showered with congratulations, compliments and gifts by those present. Dr. Burt, teachers and officers joined in common with his pupils to honor him. It must have been a very happy occasion for all present; but, above all, it was a justly deserved tribute to Mr. Teegarden who has an enviable record as teacher of forty years duration at this school. A great deal more might be said of his high abilities and his activities in matters that concern the deaf of the whole State. Had the city deaf and other friends been taken into confidence, there is reason to believe that the appreciation would have taken a larger form.

Statistics are always interesting and those which concern the deaf people of our own community are more so, at least, so to us. Our friend, Mr. William McKinney, handed us a list of Philadelphia couples who have been standing together "for better for worse" for a quarter of a century and longer. While the list may not be complete, it is sufficiently interesting to present here. The number after each couple's name represents the years they have been married:

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders, 25.
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, 25.
Mr. and Mrs. George Zang, 26.
Mr. and Mrs. James T. Young, 26.
Mr. and Mrs. James S. Reider, 26.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sharrar, 26.
Mr. and Mrs. James Pollock, —.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Zell, 28.
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lipsett, 28.
Mr. and Mrs. William Lee, 31.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breen, 31.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, 32.
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Leedom, 33.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brutsche, 33.
Mr. and Mrs. James Roach, 37.
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Campbell, 37.
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul, 37.
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Miller, 38.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin C. Fortescue, 38.
Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, 41.

SECOND HELEN KELLER, 16

State Cares For Miss Frick, Who Was Born Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—Katheryne May Frick, a deaf, dumb and blind ward of the state for whom the Pennsylvania legislature makes an appropriation at each session, celebrated her sixteenth birthday today.

Seven years ago Katheryne came to the care of the state from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fick, of Harrisburg. Her mind was totally undeveloped and she was absolutely helpless. The girl now speaks with a clear enunciation, although she has never heard a word spoken, is well informed on all current subjects, uses a typewriter and does about everything within certain limitations that any normal girl can do.

For seven years she has been under the care of Miss Mabel P. Whitman, and is pronounced almost the equal of Helen Keller.

Katheryne has a topographical map on which she follows the course of the various military campaigns in Europe.

Guy Carl Smith, The Deaf Cartoonist



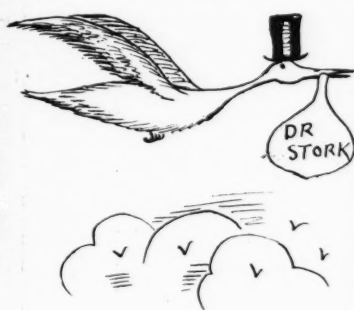
GUY CARL SMITH



ARTOONISTS among the deaf are as scarce as the hen's teeth. As a profession, this kind of work is very lucrative, and if the cartoonist has developed and cultivated his talent under proper supervision, he promises to roll in wealth and luxury in his old age.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio, has a weekly publication entitled *The Wingfoot Clan*, devoted to the interests of its employees. Its editor is greatly interested in Mr. Guy Carl Smith whose talent for cartooning he has discovered and is cultivating. Now and then his cartoons appear in the weekly.

Mr. Smith attended school at the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Edgewood Park, from 1896 to 1906. After his graduation, he lived on a farm with his uncle near Kinsman, Ohio. He was fond of hunting and fishing, but his chief delight was cartooning which he practiced during winter days when he had to stay indoors most of the time. Last spring he obtained a position with the Goodyear as a tire finisher.



Soon Mr. Smith became popular with the editor of the weekly through his cartoons, and since he has been devoting his spare time to this art. He is twenty-eight years old.

A sample of his art is shown in the above etching.

The Wingfoot Clan for March 4, 1916, has the following to say about Mr. Smith:

HAS HIS HOBBY
Despite Handicap Makes the Most of His Talent

Guy C. Smith of Department 5A-2 is a tire finisher by trade. That is, Guy "finishes" tires for his living, but during his hours of recreation he is an artist, for he has a hobby, and that hobby is cartooning.

A lively sense of humor enables Guy to pick out the "high spots" of his daily life, and his facile pencil transmutes them into little sketches, drawings of his friends and his fellow workmen, showing them at work and at play, illustrating the little "jokes" which occur around about him, picking out their petty faults and foibles, but always touching his drawings with the saving grace of a good humor that gives offense to none, but pleasure and a hearty laugh to all. Guy's drawings have occasionally appeared in *The*

Wingfoot Clan, one being in this issue, and they are always anticipated by "buddies" in the Tire Building Department, and as a rule are as much looked forward to by the victim as by anyone else.

Guy pursues his hobby in spite of a life long handicap. He is one of the Goodyear deaf-mutes, but his affliction rather than souring him, seems to have developed a quality of patience and a sense of humor for which he is finding an outlet through his drawing. He is now studying his hobby under the direction of a correspondence school of art, and whatever it may now lack from an artistic standpoint he hopes to remedy by perseverance and hard work.

Guy has been with the Goodyear for nearly a year now. His home is in Kent, and he makes the trip back and forth every year. His schooling he received at the deaf-mute school at Edgewood Park, near Pittsburgh, Pa. (Guy informs us that he is a bachelor, though on being questioned admitted of no objections to matrimony. In fact the idea strikes him as rather favorable. He says that he could use some one to wash and cook for him. But this is Leap Year and *The Wingfoot Clan* is not a matrimonial bureau.)

There are 130 deaf people employed in the factory and it will not be long before 150 are employed. The Company wants as many as 200. B. R. B.

Fifty Deaf Marksmen Dead

[This unusual article, from the pen of our versatile writer, J. Frederick Meagher, appeared in *The Washingtonian* Feb. 17, 1916. It speaks eloquently for the patriotism for the deaf; at the same time showing their eagerness to serve their country in a possible war of the future.]



DEFENDING Chicago's finest hotel against rioting German spies, 50 out of 70 deaf sharpshooters die while frustrating attempts to rescue the captive Crown Prince of Germany, Frederick William, according to part of the "Diary of James E. Langston, war correspondent of the *London Times*, 1922."

That is the idea spread over two columns on page 18 of the February number of *McClure's* magazine, in the concluding installment of the big serial of 1915, "Saving the Nation," by Cleveland Moffett, a famous metropolitan newspaper editor.

Fighting side-by-side with fifty big game hunters against odds of ten to one, and using their own rifles against machine guns, the deaf lose five out of every seven men, as against five out of ten lost by the militant millionaires—but foil the one consummate masterstroke of the wily enemy in the German-American War of 1921.

Harry Whittemore, Otto Egger, Fred Bengry, Clark Miller, Arthur Hanson and David Bretttaur are mentioned by name, with the publisher of *The Washingtonian* as Lieutenant in command.

This characterization of the deaf as military heroes is not a Jule Verne artifice designed to entertain the public. The present European War shows the deaf are doing their share in defence of wives and

hearthstones. A Dutch newspaper, *De Courant*, says two companies of deaf infantry sent to reinforce the German line in Flanders, took part in the battle of Ypres. Although educated in German pure oral schools commands were issued by signs, observers report. The Russians claim to have taken prisoners deaf Germans in full uniform of the invading corps. In England the deaf are working in munition plants.

Sharpshooters are by no means as common in America as in the days of Indian forays, and notwithstanding the fact big guns and explosives are the whole thing in modern warfare, 150 deaf patriots able to shoot the left eye out of a gnat at fifty yards would be invaluable in trench fighting, or in holding some strategic defile—picking off the officers and artillerymen.

President Howard of the N. A. D. is seriously considering preparations to line up a company of deaf marksmen such as Cleveland Moffett writes of, realizing what a chance it is to answer for all time the query of the uninformed, "Does the education of the deaf PAY?"

There are a number of rifle experts in the Pacific Northwest now being sounded, such as the crack of the Spokane Rifle and Revolver club, Erve Chambers, who once went to school here, and big game hunters like Roy Harris, of Seattle, John Cookman, of Bellingham, and the deaf Indian whose wonderful wood-carvings Portland newspapers have been raving over, John Clark. He was one of the best grizzly killers in the Blackfoot tribe.

Among our own pupils Sanders, Seipp, Martin, Coic, Gillis, Kelly and Kotula are all good shots. They don't hunger for war, but say they would fight

like furies did some foreign foe presume to offer their mothers and sisters the indignities Germans offered to Belgian, Serbian and Polish womankind.

The deaf are not adaptable to war on the same footing as the hearing. The deaf are almost helpless at night, either in answering the challenge of sentries or in night alarms. They could hold some strategic point and, picking off the vanguard with deadly precision, hold back the enemy till the last succumbed. "Since the best blood of the nation would be sent to slaughter, why should not we afflicted die likewise," one expressed it.

"Our country educates and protects us" he continued. "There isn't a man but would deem it a privilege to return to America in distress the life she has made worth living—lifting us from the depths of ignorance and eternal silence to an enlightened understanding and fuller enjoyment. If for no other reason than to show our gratitude by one glorious example, I believe President Wilson would accept our voluntary services."

Melvin Davidson and Deiderich Kasier, enthusiastic young deer hunters of San Francisco, are getting a line on deaf marksmen further down the Pacific Coast. It is planned to so perfect arrangements that forty-eight hours after war is declared fifty deaf sharpshooters, each fully armed with his own high-power rifle and equipped with a day's ammunition, will be assembled at a prearranged point ready for dispatch to the front. There they will lay down their lives holding back the PREPARED invaders while America slowly gathers her tremendous resources to hurl them into the sea.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf and Ladies' Guild

By PANSY



MR. HORACE B. WATERS
Lay Reader and Assistant to Rev. B. R. Allabough.



MRS. HARRY BROWN
Collector of Funds, Ladies' Guild, Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf.



MR. AND MRS. G. C. MAY
Who gave Mr. and Mrs. Waters the surprise party. Mr. Mays is the newly elected Treasurer of the Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf.

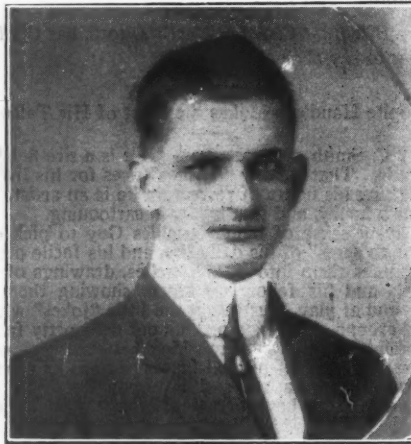


OR some months past, several of the ladies of Detroit, Mich., members of the Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf, have had under consideration the advisability of establishing a ladies' Guild, believing it would prove a great help to Rev. B. R. Allabough and his mission, inasmuch as it would kindle within the deaf greater spiritual interest individually.

The idea for this suggestion belongs to Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, which later was put into action.

On April 2nd, 1916, with Rev. B. R. Allabough present, she had the pleasure of seeing the Guild formally established with the following ladies installed as officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. H. B. Waters, President; Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson, vice-President; Mrs. Edward Ball, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Harry Brown, Collector of Guild Funds.

It can be truthfully said, "Women are better bargain drivers than men"—which is as good as



MR. FRED AFFELDT
President Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf.

saying women possess a keener ability for finding ways and means of pushing forward worthy projects than men, a compliment men cannot dispute.

It will be the aim and effort of the Guild to establish in the near future a Church of and for the Episcopal Deaf of Detroit, Michigan.

On April 16th last, the Ephphatha Mission elected new officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: Mr. Affeldt, President; Mr. Horace B. Waters, Lay Reader and Assistant to Rev. B. R. Allabough; Mr. A. R. Schneider, Secretary, re-elected; Mr. G. C. May, Treasurer; Mr. James Henderson, Collector of Church offerings. We take pleasure in wishing all the new officers success in their work for the year. Mr. A. R. Schneider has filled the Secretary's office with efficiency for over eighteen (18) years.

Of him we hope, in the near future, to give a brief biography of his life and work for the Episcopal Church.

During the month of March, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Waters were very pleasantly surprised by a large circle of their friends, it being the occasion of their birthday. The two natal days falling only 36 hours apart—the 21st, and 23rd respectively. Mr. and Mrs. May got up the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Waters, as luck had it, were out the night the crowd took possession of their home.

Mrs. Sawhill, mother of Mrs. Waters, received the crowd.

Mr. Waters came home quite late. When he applied his latch key to his home door and gently



MR. JAMES HENDERSON
Collector of Church Offerings.



MRS. HORACE B. WATERS
President Ladies' Guild, Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf.



MRS. G. E. M. NELSON
Vice-President Ladies' Guild.



MRS. EDWARD BALL
Secretary and Treasurer Ladies' Guild, Ephphatha
Mission of the Deaf.

opened it, to avoid awakening his family and supposing all were asleep, the house being dark, he was suddenly seized by several of the boys within. For the moment a spasm of terror seized his whole person, then a flood of brilliant electric light was turned on and his eyes met a bevy of pretty women grouped all around him. He was stricken speechless with surprise.

His estimable wife hastened to his aid, explaining matters. The couple received a number of useful gifts. Mrs. Henderson's cake took the center of attraction among the refreshments served. It was beautifully decorated with the dates of the couple's natal days in the center.

We submit here cuts of the officers of Ephphatha Mission of the deaf and the newly formed Ladies' Guild—also group of those at Mr. and Mrs. Waters's party.

Education ought not to cease when we leave school; but if well begun there, will continue through life.—*Lord Avebury.*

Strong as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered without being killed.
—*Colton.*



A. R. SCHNEIDER
Secretary Ephphatha Mission of the Deaf.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

BY MINNIE STRICKLER-LIVINGSTONE



HE other day I met a deaf woman on the street. We had not seen each other for quite a while. She appeared very glad to see me, but the very first thing that she said was: "Why, how ill you're looking."

Now, I happened to know that I was, in reality, looking my very best that morning. Also, I had on my brand new spring suit and a very becoming hat of the vintage of 1916; furthermore, I had just parted with another of my own sex who had amply complimented me upon my appearance. Naturally I was not prepared for an attack by the enemy, which fact she seemed to sense and to enjoy greatly although she, herself, was quite a pleasant sight, being young and rather pretty and well-dressed. Yet, she could not let me have my poor little satisfaction of feeling that I was looking my best, but had to put a flea in my ear, as it were. When we parted some minutes later, I felt very glad to see her go and made up my mind never, no never, to see nor speak to her again, if I could possibly help it.

The next individual whom I chanced upon was quite a contrast to the one with whom I had so willingly parted a few minutes previous. She was an elderly woman, with grey wisps of hair escaping from beneath her faded bonnet, her skirt sagged in the back and the white skirt-waist she wore was a little the worse for wear. But her fat face fairly beamed with the spirit of good-nature and love for all mankind and when she exclaimed: "Well, honey, you are sure a sight for sore eyes," I suddenly felt contented and at peace with all the world.

And yet, the one who saw such good points in the appearance of others had, in the opinion of those who knew her, very little to be thankful for. She was poor in this world's goods, poor in looks and poor in the number of those whom she could call her friends. Nevertheless, she is much happier than many a woman whom I numbered among my acquaintances, for "She envied no one and no one envied her," although many had, if they only could have known it, real cause for envy.

When sometime afterwards, I parted with the good soul, I had given her my solemn word to go and spend the day with her in the near future, and try some of her fat dough-nuts—a promise that I intend to keep if I've to break one of my most important engagements to do it.

For, what do I care if she is old and poor and quite unknown, and lives in a little "shack" on the

edge of town, where the view consists chiefly of factories and vacant lots ornamented with tin cans and a goat or two? It is quite sufficient for me that I know her to be honest and sincere and clean about her house, much cleaner, in fact, than many of the fine folks who live in fashionable "bungalows," and eat from out of "sterling" silver plates.

So, the very first chance I get, I'm going to get on a trolley car, and "visit" with my friend, she of the beaming face and kind heart, but that is not all. I'm going to take along with me some scraps of "calico," if I can find any in the shops and have her show me how to "piece" some of her famous squares for bed-quilts, and I'm going to sit in a little cane rocker that squeaks with every movement and drink tea out of a funny little tea-cup with a crooked handle that came from Ireland (the cup not the handle), many years ago when the owner was a young girl with bright black eyes and rosy cheeks and hair the color of a raven's wing, and we are going to sit and sip tea and rock and rock while we talk about people and things. But, we are not going to "pick our absent friends to pieces nor find flaws in their conduct," nor criticize their looks. Not a bit of it. We are going to say the most beautiful things that we can think of, of everybody, and praise their good points, and tell all we can of the virtues which we're sure they possess—it is quite astonishing what a lot of nice things you can find to say about people if you only try. And, then, when my visit is ended, and I rise to go, we'll part with the mutual knowledge that the day has been well spent and that we have harmed no one, neither in word, thought nor deed.

I'll have enjoyed myself because I could come away feeling that I had left a friend behind, a real friend, not one of those flimsy kinds who salute you with a flow of gush and overwhelm you with endearing epithets, which mean nothing and who, the moment you are gone, commence to pick you to pieces.

But, all that is, as yet, an anticipated pleasure,—something to look forward to, to plan and to wait for. In the meanwhile, I continued on my way and met with a lot of people, high-brows, low-brows and middle-brows. Of the whole lot, the low-brows seemed to me to possess the most sense, for, while the middle-brows evidently tried to pattern after the high-brows, the low-brows scorned to imitate any one outside their own clan, and as for the high-brows, they had such good opinions of them-

selves they could not be expected to notice such insignificant mortals as "low-brows" and the like.

Taken all in all, I had had a very exciting day, but the worst was yet to come, as I found out to my cost for, when I got home at last all fussed out, as it were, and feeling equal to nothing except a cup of strong coffee and bed, I found, like "Hamlet's ghost," a visitor awaiting me in my parlor. Now, all of the people whom I knew this person, an old woman of eighty, was the less welcome to me, for, despite her years, she had, and deserved, the name of being the "scandal monger" of the deaf community. The possessor of abundant means and nothing to do, she spent her time in going about from one house to another spreading discord and chagrin wherever she went. No one could hope to escape

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THE SPICE BOX

BY HARRY E. STEVENS.



VERY SHORT MEMORIES

"Dear Mary," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I am getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forgot whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said 'no' to someone last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."
—Bilchaco.

—*—

WHERE BUSINESS HAD GONE

The last story in Washington, which is attaining great popularity on the Republican side of Congress, is to this effect:

Two Irishmen were in argument concerning the existence of a hell. One declared there was no hell; the other stoutly asserted there was. They could reach no agreement. Finally, a mutual friend of the Yiddish persuasion appeared and the disputants agreed to leave the question to him. They stated their case.

After listening carefully to the arguments the mutual friend rolled his eyes and made an eloquent gesture.

"Vat!" he exclaimed. "No hell! Den vere did business go?"—Bilchaco.

—*—

"I may not be a king," said the derby hat, "but I at least wear a crown."

And then the band played.

—*—

HE HAD WAITED A LONG TIME

Bill Nye, when a young man, once made an engagement with a lady to take her driving. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken save one old, shaky, exceedingly gaunt beast. Mr. Nye hired it, and drove to his friend's residence.

The lady kept him waiting nearly an hour before she was ready, and then, on viewing the shabby outfit, flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that horse may die of old age any moment!"

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young colt."

—*—

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"

"Will it make an angel of me?"

"That will depend on the kind of life you have led."

—*—

The habit of painting the town red is synonymous with painting the next morning blue, opportunities gray and the future black.

—*—

There's only one person in the whole world who can defeat you, and that person is yourself: and no man can finish a task before he begins it.

—*—

"Dear," said a young wife to her husband as he was leaving for the office, "won't you bring home something good for dinner this evening?"

"Something good?" repeated the bewildered young husband, to whom marketing was a closed book.

"Yes," repeated the wife, "something really good, you know."

"Oh, yes!" he replied as a light seemed to break upon him.

And he brought home the minister.

—*—

LIFE

A man comes into the world without his consent and leaves without his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy, he is an angel; in his boyhood, he is a

devil; in his manhood, he is everything from a lizard up. If he raises a family, he is a chump; if he raises a check, he is a crook, and then the law gets after him. If he is a poor man, he is a bad manager and has no sense. If he is rich, he is dishonest but considered smart. If he is in politics, he is a grafter. If he is out of politics, you can't place him and he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite, and if he stays away from church, he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn't he is a "tight wad." When he first comes into the world every one wants to kiss him; before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great ruture before him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is only in the way and is living to save funeral expenses.—The Cherry Circle.

Notice to the Deaf of New Jersey

Eleventh Bi-ennial Convention Meets in Newark on Labor Day, 1916

The Committee in charge of the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf have decided to hold its Eleventh Convention this year in Newark on Labor Day, September 4th, in the Parish House, Trinity Church, same place as last convention.

The President begs to announce that he will try and have a well known educator of the deaf, give a talk and that papers from others will be read.

Superintendent Walker has given his consent to hold the convention in the chapel of the school two years hence when the Jenkins Memorial Service will be held. All try and come. We wish a full house, also I may add that we are honoring ourselves as well as Newark. The city is celebrating its two hundred fifty anniversary of its founding.

It is the desire of the president that the committees that were appointed at the last convention will have good reports to make. The list follows:

Jenkins's Memorial Fund—Messrs. Geo. S. Porter (Chairman), John Black, Charles Cascella, William Atkinson, and Mrs. Martin Glynn.

Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf—Mr. Emanuel Souewine, Chairman.

Enrollment—Messrs. Charles Hummer, Charles Cascella, Edward Bradely, William Bennisson.

R. C. STEPHENSON,
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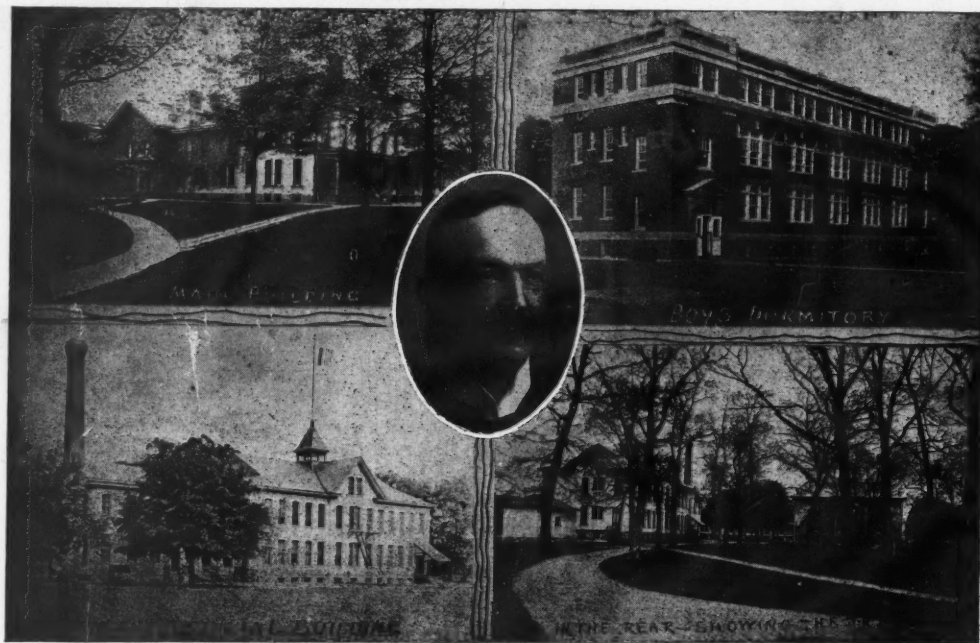
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